RICHARD DIX EDITS THIS ISSU

Movie Weekly

MAY 10th 1924

10¢

Gloria SWANSON is a Salesgirl for a Day

Richard DIX
Photo by Spurr

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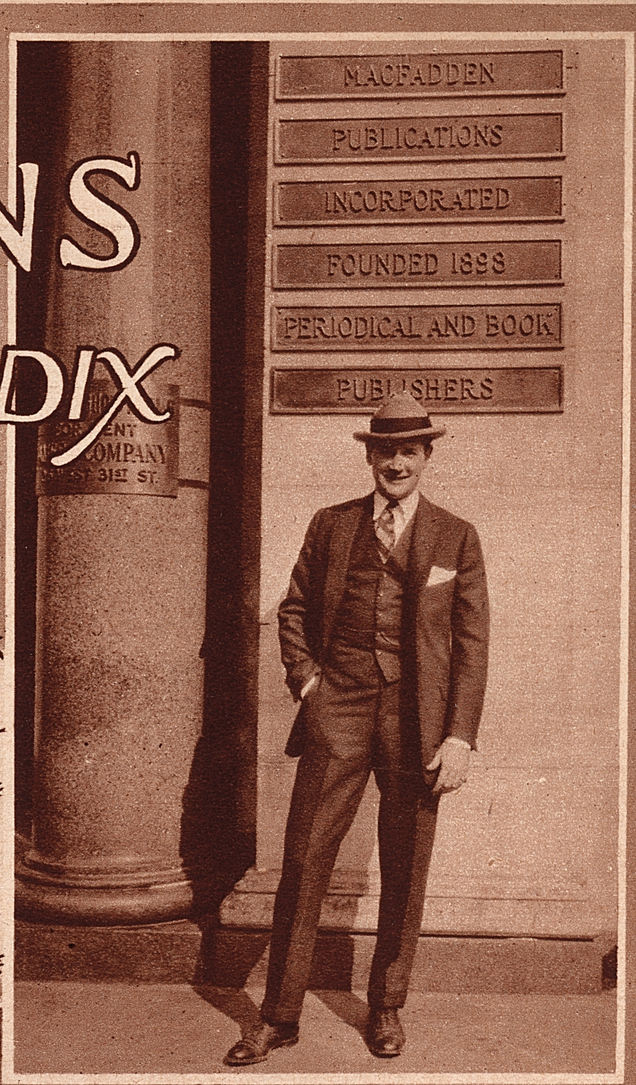
A MESSAGE to the FANS from Richard DIX

Popular *young screen star* visits office of *Movie Weekly* and edits a special issue devoted exclusively to *Richard Dix*



Richard Dix, popular screen star, visits the office of *Movie Weekly* and edits his own issue.

As they used to say in the West years ago: 'Please don't shoot the editor. He's doing the best he can!'"
RICHARD DIX

Dear Readers:

I'VE been asked by Mr. Balch, the usual editor of Movie Weekly, to write an editorial for this issue that will constitute a few words of greeting to the fans.

I suppose I need hardly tell you that this seemed like a large order. I'm an actor, not an editor, and to sit down and crash into print with a few well (or ill) chosen words was just about as disconcerting as I've found being asked to make a speech at a dinner is. It's just not one of the best things I do.

However, I find, after starting that my predicament in this is not greatly different than was that of my recent "personal appearance" in Detroit. In spite of the doubt, uncertainty and stage fright that comes to one at the thought of public speechmaking, I find now, as I found then, that after once starting, the fact that I have actually got something to say—sort of saves the day for me.

And what I want to say now is—What the fan means to the star. We know quite well, or think we do, what the star means to the fan, for the popularity of screen players the world over amply attests to the public sentiment in regard to certain popular players. But I don't think it has occurred to anyone to put down with any degree of accuracy just how the player feels about those he plays to. Would I make myself clear, if I said he feels an almost holy awe of the public in general, and the fan himself as a particular part of that public?

Richard Dix and *Bernarr Macfadden*, **publisher of *Movie Weekly*, hold an editorial conference.**

One might think that a screen star, famous and rich, might reach a point where the fan, as an individual, almost ceased to be. But this is never so. Do you know that every word you write is read with the most rapt and eager interest by those who receive it? No fan letter is lost or ignored. Each one is read carefully and filed away, for each writer represents a part of that particular star's public—the thing that in the course of time will either make or break him.

So far this reason, fan letters—the letters that you and your friends write—are all of the most vital importance to the movie player who receives them. They're the sole connecting link between our work and that great silent mass of spectators, the public, before whom our work must pass—for praise or for censure. You must realize then how jealously each player regards his friends among that multitude, for those who write him letters he has reason to feel *are* his friends.

I hope that you will like this issue of Movie Weekly. But I'm afraid, after it's all over, there will be some who'll say, "Well, as an editor, Dix is a good actor."

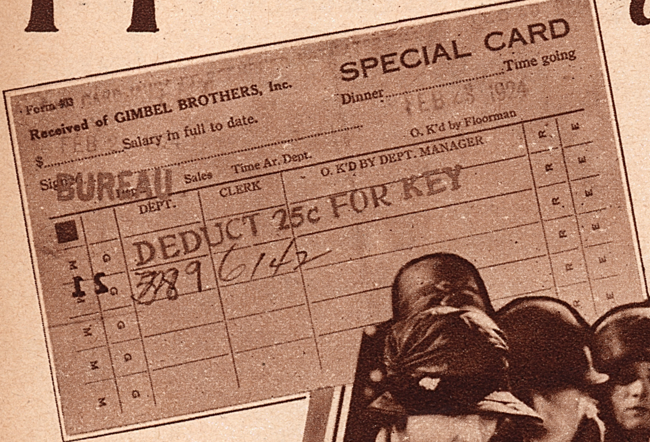
At any rate it was lots of fun and I feel that it's brought me into closer touch with the fans themselves. For the rest, I'd like to say I wish I could know all of you. I wish I could look you in the eye and shake you by the hand and say—"Good luck to you! You've been kind to me, and the best is surely none too good for you."

As I can't say it to your face, let me say it here—now: "Good luck, and I hope that someday we both shall meet!"

Richard Dix

May McAvoy
Photo by
RICHARD BURKE

How Gloria SWANSON became a Salesgirl for a Day



SPECIAL CARD

Form 83 Received of GIMBEL BROTHERS, Inc. Salary in full to date.

Dinner .... Time going

FEB 23 1924

$ ....

O. K'd by Floorman

Sign BUREAU Sales Time Ar. Dept. O. K'D BY DEPT. MANAGER

DEPT. CLERK

DEDUCT 25c FOR KEY

15 389 614

Popular *screen star* "hires out" in *Gimbel's* department store and sells *safety razors* until her identity is discovered

By J. M. Jerauld

Good work, Gloria! I'll say you had your nerve with you to try this one."
Richard Dix

As a salesgirl in *Gimbel's* department store, *Gloria Swanson* passed a hectic day.

THERE was a lull at one of the notion counters on the main floor of Gimbel's store one morning recently. Two girls who had been selling scissors, salt and pepper shakers, woven envelopes and safety razors found time to talk.

"You know," said the regular salesgirl to the new arrival who had come to work that morning, "if you weren't a blonde you would look an awful lot like Gloria Swanson."

Whereupon the new girl, May Leu scowled slightly, adjusted her glasses and turned to convince a new customer that he should buy a pair of heavy tailor's shears.

May Leu was anxious to make a good impression on the floorwalker. She was learning to be a salesgirl. Toward noon he smiled on her.

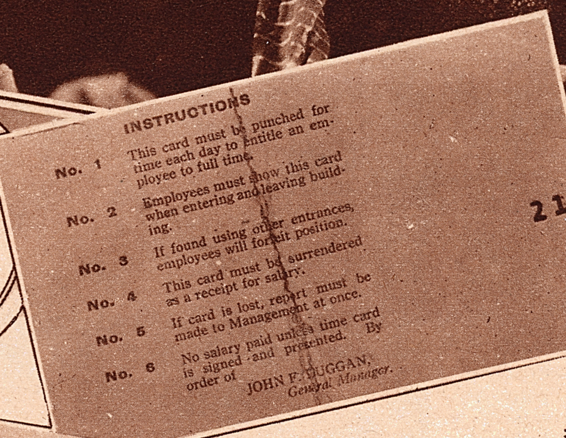
"You learned to operate the cash register quickly," he told her by way of encouragement.

May Leu was thrilled. She was having a "perfectly gorgeous" time, she explained later.

The day had started out disappointingly. She had stood in line from 8:30 until after 9 o'clock with an application blank in her hand, only to be sent back after finally reaching the window because the address was incomplete. Then the long wait had begun all over again. At last she reached the employment manager's window again. This time he read her application blank in full, noted that she had worked previously in a small Los Angeles store. Then he reached the name May Leu—and glanced at a pencilled memorandum from the superintendent.

"Oh yes, we can use you," he explained. "You will report to Mr. Soandso on the main floor as a 'contingent,' Miss—ah, Miss Leu. Is that the dress you're going to wear?"

Miss Leu glanced down at her shabby black frock and admitted that it was.



INSTRUCTIONS

No. 1 This card must be punched for time each day to entitle an employee to full time.

No. 2 Employees must show this card when entering and leaving building.

No. 3 If found using other entrances, employees will forfeit position.

No. 4 This card must be surrendered as a receipt for salary.

No. 5 If card is lost, report must be made to Management at once.

No. 6 No salary paid unless time card is signed and presented. By order of

JOHN F. DUGGAN, General Manager.

21

CONTINGENT

Dept. EMPLOYMENT

Name Leu FEB 20 1924

No. 614

Employ Supt. BUREAU

Reproduced above is a facsimile of the report card given to *Miss Swanson* the day she worked behind the counter at *Gimbel's* for $2.50 per day.

"That's all right," he told her. "The girls here must wear black or blue."

Mr. Soandso, the floorwalker, was very dignified. Miss Leu to him was just another 'contingent,' a girl learning to be a salesgirl at $2.50 per day. He introduced her to the girl she was to work with at the notion counter and departed.

The salesgirl explained that the scissors were to sell at 25 and 35 cents a pair, the salt and pepper shakers at 25 and 50 cents, the woven envelopes at 18 cents each, two for 30 cents; the safety razors at 50 cents, with blades for 50 cents. And the day's work began. The customers came in pairs, twos and threes, and sometimes there were crowds.

During one of the lulls the salesgirl turned to May Leu and said:

"Gee, dearie, I saw Charlot's Revue last night. Do you know, those girls get $40 to $50 a week? They ain't got a thing on you why don't you try to go on the stage?"

May Leu explained that she had had stage ambitions, but hadn't been able to get a place and needed money so she had gone to work. The girl was very sympathetic.

Noon approached and the rumor spread that the girl who looked like Gloria Swanson at the notion counter was wearing a blonde wig. Salesgirls passed and made audible comments. Some peeked around corners. May Leu began to get embarassed, so she asked the floorwalker if she could go to lunch. He explained how she should punch her card and she went up to the girls' rest room.

"HOOK me up, dearie," was the first remark she heard addressed to her. The hooks were missng, so she fastened the girl's dress with a pin.

This done, she sat down, but her rest was soon disturbed by a tall girl passing with another, who remarked: "Blonde, huh! That's a wig."

May Leu explained she had been sick and had had her hair cut off. Her companions let it go at that.

For lunch she ate stuffed celery and potatoes and paid twenty cents. It was rather lonesome eating alone. Life as a "contingent" was losing some of its glamor.

But afternoon brought a return of the excitement. The rumor had continued to spread that a girl wearing a blonde wig who looked like Gloria Swanson was working at the notion counter. May Leu began to get nervous. Crowds were gathering around her. She (Continued on page 30

"HOLLYWOOD is a Spotless Town!" declares Pola Negri

***Polish screen star* defends civic honor of *film mecca*—Says it is superior to any *European* town she knows—Tells why**

By Thomas Tarrington

continuously presented to the world by reform brothers, blue-law zealots and joy-killers, as the one and only modern comparison with Sodom and Gomorrah.

"HOLLYWOOD is the most moral city of its size I have ever lived in," she stoutly maintained. It is, perhaps, a peculiar twist of her artistic, Continental nature that prompts her to speak of the film capital's morality on a basis of size. Of course, Hollywood is not a straggling, struggling community any more, although some of the stars speak of it as "the village." If it were just a tiny, insignificant place, like Gopher Prairie of Main Street fame, Miss Negri's statement might not be much of a compliment to Hollywood. But today, Hollywood is a place of considerable size and importance, Los Angeles being really a suburb of Hollywood—and Los Angeles boasts hundreds of thousands of souls!

Some day the authorities of New York and Chicago should invite Pola to make a survey of their respective towns and render a judgment of the two cities' morals, according to the population per square foot.

I thoroughly agree with Miss Negri in what she says about Hollywood. Its neither more nor less than a busy little California town. And its inhabitants are no better and nor worse than the inhabitants of any other town.

RICHARD DIX

***Pola Negri,* famous *Polish* screen star, who stoutly maintains *Hollywood* is a paragon of civic virtue.**

Pola Negri, with Herbert Brenon,* her director during the filming of *"Shadows of Paris."

HOLLYWOOD has a new press agent! There are so many out there now, all eagerly willing to convince the world their particular star, director, or picture is the biggest, best and greatest in the universe, that the coming of a new one to filmdom's Mecca wouldn't be worth telling about unless——

Well, the truth is the latest publicity man is a woman!

None other than fiery-eyed Pola Negri, who makes men fall every time she gives them a glance in the pictures, or in real life. Pola is not out to boost any star or film. The lady who set Europe in flames by her film acting, and who has blazed her way into American triumphs as a past mistress in the mysterious business of woman lure, is pushing propaganda in favor of Hollywood itself!

She says that all this talk about Hollywood's wickedness and fastness is what we in this country call "the bunk," only Miss Negri calls it "ze bunk." It is beyond all of her acute powers of comprehension to realize how the movie capital ever got its terrible reputation for being a town of loose morals and wild parties.

"In the studios, yes. I grant there is all kind of sin going on. There are husbands making love to other men's wives. There is gambling. Much drinking of wines and liquors. There is even murder committed at times," declared the Polish beauty, giving us the shock of the year by her frank admissions.

"You mean, you know and admit that this stuff goes on in the studios, Miss Negri?" I asked.

"Of course . . . of course," she returned. Then her dark eyes flashed humorously. A smile sundered her alluring lips. "But it is all only make-believe for ze camera!" cried the Paramount star.

My relief was obvious. I had not realized that the tragedienne vampire of the films packed such a sense of humor. For a moment I had feared she was going to spill the beans about inside Hollywood.

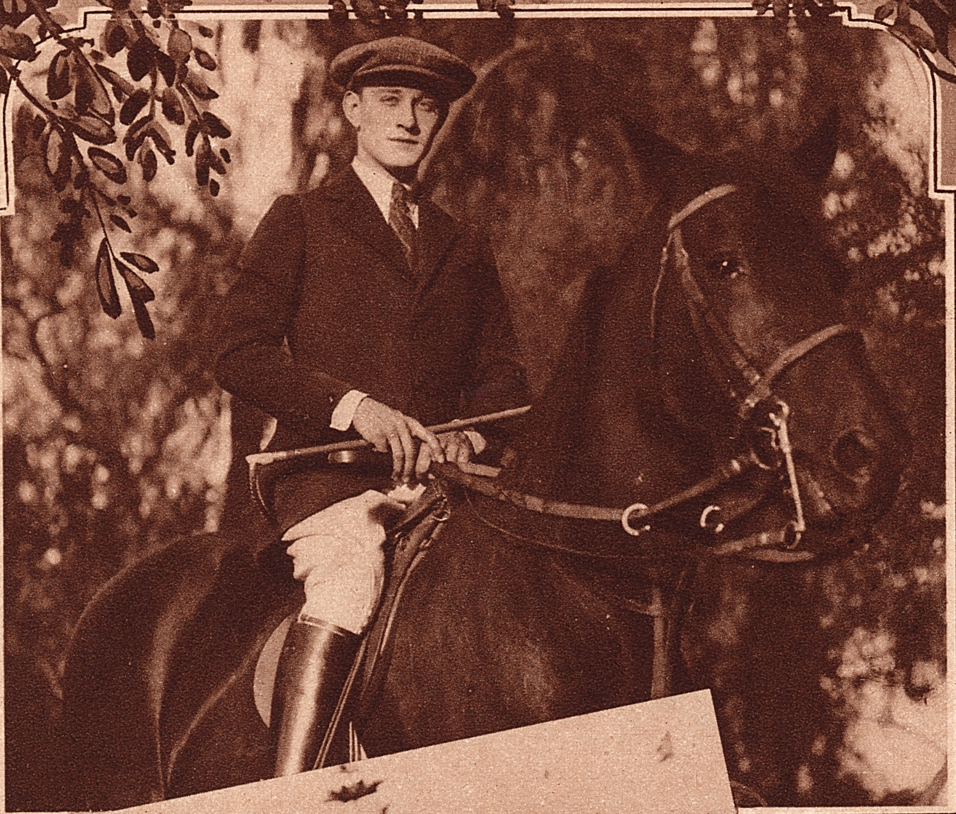
Miss Negri has been in Hollywood a little over a year. Things out there had her guessing for a little while. But she now claims a perfect acquaintance with everything in and about the movie citadel. Pola is on the "inside," as it were. So you can take her appraisal of the village as the "low down" on a situation which has been

For centuries observers of human morality and immorality, have considered that schools and churches in towns were truthful indications of a presence of virtue. Remembering this, Miss Negri says:

"Hollywood has more beautiful churches and schools than any city in Europe equal to its population! Its people have a saner, cleaner outlook and ze tone of its life is infinitely more wholesome than ze average city. How it ever got its reputation, I do not know."

(*Continued on pag. 31*)

The HOME LIFE of CONRAD NAGEL



Conrad Nagel out for an early morning canter among the *California* foothills.

Popular young *screen star* is devoted to his *wife* and *home*—Learn what he likes in the way of *food* and how his *charming wife* prepares it for him

By Grace Kingsley

IF we magazine writers don't stop bally-hooing Conrad Nagel as the original saint of the movie world, I'm really afraid he may break out and do something devilish! He simply hates being called good, and his respect for his religion makes him dislike the idea of having the fact that he goes to church commented on.

And he is not goody-goody, not by any means. He enjoys the theatre and cards and dancing like any normal human being, and he takes in the fights, too. Besides which, he is an athlete, plays a mean game of football, swims like a champion, and is excellent as a boxer.

I must admit, however, that he doesn't go to wild parties, nor drink, nor get arrested for speeding, nor get mixed up in any divorce scandals—all of which things, of course, are supposed to mark a man in pictures as a regular guy. Too bad, isn't it, that he's had only one wife, and has never even beaten her once!

Yet, strange as it may seem, the Nagel household is one of the most interesting in Filmland. The Nagels are both musical, both play the piano and sing, having studied with Conrad's father, who is an accomplished musician. If you care for the best in music, you can hear it in the Nagel home. Also you can hear good talk about the newest books and plays, with both of which the Nagels keep abreast. I don't think they care much about some of the lurid, so-called high-brow literature of the day, however; but they aren't narrow-minded, either. It is just that they have taste.

Mrs. Nagel is young, beautiful, and had an excellent chance as an actress, but she refused several offers for the screen, preferring, strange as it may seem, to make a home for her husband and baby to having a career of her own.

LITTLE Ruth Margaret comes in for a good deal of the family's worship. She is her father's idol, and every day that he isn't working, he takes his little three-year-old daughter down to the sea for a swim. The baby is learning to swim. He is going to take her to the theatre some day, but not yet. But she goes motoring with her parents whenever they take a trip. She is never left to the tender mercy of servants, except when her father and mother go away on location, and then not for any long periods.

WHICH leads me to recollect that Mrs. Nagel always goes with her husband on location, when he is working. If it is only for a day, they enjoy being together in the odd, out-of-the-way places that picture companies have a fashion of picking out.

If the trip is to be for two or three days, little Ruth Margaret always goes along; if for a day she stays with her very competent nurse. Mrs. Nagel might easily hire a housekeeper if she chose, but she contents herself with one maid, overseeing everything herself. She and Conrad have decided that they are going to invest their money carefully, and save for the rainy day that comes rainier than for anybody else to the old actor.

"Good luck, Conrad! You deserve lots of it!"
RICHARD DIX

SO Conrad's wife is also his business manager, so far as money is concerned. She advises him on all investments, takes charge of all the bills, and is the efficiency expert of his home. The Nagels are selling their old home on Cherokee Street, and are building a palatial place up in the hills of Beverly. But you may be sure that Mrs. Nagel will see to it that nothing is wasted. She will personally supervise the building, and, while she is the sweetest and most tactful woman I have ever known, it won't do one bit of good for any contractor to try to put anything over on her.

The present home of the Nagels is a pretty, rather old-fashioned house, with plenty of big windows and sun-porches, on a quiet little street of Hollywood. There are big pepper trees in front of the door, and there are many beautiful rose bushes and shrubs about the ample yard.

Mr. and *Mrs. Nagel* as they appear before their charming *Hollywood* home.

Inside, the place is roomy and charming, modestly furnished, but with the real home atmosphere. There are one or two good pictures, and any number of good books about the place, and there is a piano, supplemented by a phonograph, of course.

Conrad likes fussing about his flower garden, and is one of those people with the magic touch which can always make plants grow. He has some beautiful rose bushes and pansy beds—his favorite flowers. He loves to crawl out at five (*Continued on page 31*)

The Most POPULAR

> *"I tried to convince Mr. Balch, that I was just an honest, thorough-going scoundrel, but it seems he has persisted in presenting me in another light. Take it, I warn you, with a grain of salt."*
> RICHARD DIX

Richard Dix, popular screen star, who edited this issue of *Movie Weekly.*

Richard Dix, famous screen star, who is as well liked by men as he is by women—An intimate close-up of the screen star and man as he is

By David A. Balch

WHEN we first suggested writing this article to its illustrious subject and mentioned the title thereof the man in question exclaimed quickly:

"Oh, good Lord! Don't say that!"

"Why not?" we asked him across the top of our desk before which he was functioning for a day in our bright, particular daily task.

"Because," he explained, "they may think I wrote it!"

We smiled.

"Richard," we reassured him, "leave that to us."

So, reader, whatever else you may think of this story, don't, please don't, think that Richard Dix wrote it. It was entered indeed under his good-humored protest which was at once a disclaimer of the bouqets it might offer. Once aware of the firmness of our purpose, he washed his hands of it entirely, adding only the comment contained in the box above.

Our task then, outside of relieving him from the aforesaid stigma of having written a monograph of praise about himself, is to justify by way of explanation, the very title itself.

The most popular man in the movies!

Is he, and if so, why?

Well, that is precisely what we want to tell you about. He's that, reader, and more.

We first met Richard Dix at a studio party of Gloria Swanson's, the said studio not being one of the Greenwich Village variety, but that of the Famous Players, itself, in Astoria, Long Island. Mr. Dix came in from a nearby set where he was working in "Icebound" with Lois Wilson, and in the course of time was introduced to us.

Now, it seems that weeks previous to this, a Movie Weekly correspondent had visited Hollywood and interviewed Richard Dix, in which she had quoted him as saying several things far from flattering to the gentle members of the fair sex. And then, to make matters worse, Mr. Dix's feminine admirers had written to him by the score denouncing him roundly for such unchivalrous words.

Well—Dix blamed *us* for it. And we hadn't talked with him five seconds before we learned that he did, for he took wonderfully good care that we should know it. It made him seem, as he phrased it, as though he were "throwing rocks" to keep the women away from him. And this he didn't fancy at all.

But, by the end of that studio party and of several others, we came to know Richard Dix very well and to like him—even better. More than all else, we came to understand why he was so generally popular with the women and with the men of his profession, and this, when you know the studios and their people, is saying a very great deal.

WHAT then, we wondered, was the secret of his amazing popularity? Well, we think that with Dix, it just happened, that's all, and that people like him because he is as God made him—simple, human, and fine; but, above all, natural. There is no pretense, no pose about him; there is just an easy, smiling cordiality either toward the bank president or the bootblack that one never questions is genuine.

The reasons, however, for his sim-

Richard Dix and *David A. Balch*, **regular editor of** ***Movie Weekly*****, go over some "copy" together.**

MAN in the MOVIES

plicity, which is as far removed from some of his strutting brethren as daylight is from dark, probably traces to a certain period in his career when his most vital consideration was the next meal. For like Lon Chaney, Dix has never forgotten that he was once poor. He has told us of this period and of how he subsisted for two days on a plate of beans and a slice of bread. He was an actor then on the stage, and the world was not treating him nicely. Now that he dines comfortably on whatever he wishes, the former period is an amusing memory.

BUT it's had its effect, we fancy. It softened and sweetened the character that bore it, so that people now say of Dix: "Everybody likes him!" And, moreover, he amply merits it.

"Dave," he told us earnestly one day, "I'm a terribly sentimental sort of bird. During the time that I was having such tough sledding, I lived in a certain hotel here in town which was good enough to carry me for months with my room rent unpaid."

He took a deep breath and his eyes widened in a way that is so thoroughly characteristic of him.

"And do you know," he went on, "just for sentimental reasons I still go back to that hotel and occupy the same room I did when things were breaking so poorly. It sort of does me good to look up at the wallpaper every morning and say to myself: 'Well! things aren't so bad as they used to be!'"

He has a mother and sister on the Coast whom he utterly adores, and we imagine that they are very, very proud of that big son and brother whose screen career is so wonderfully promising. He is well-known and popular, yes, but it can't be a marker to what lies ahead of him.

"Richard," we asked him one day as we were rolling down Broadway in a taxicab to take some pictures at the printers, "what do you want out of life, anyway?"

He was intensely serious in a moment.

"You'd be surprised," he answered, "how little I do want. I want a home, someone to love

Richard is seen here being instructed into the mysteries of the linotype machine by *Henry Spade*, star linotype operator

Richard Dix confers with *Martin Hertel*, the make-up man on *Movie Weekly*, on a visit to the printers.

and who loves me, a child or two perhaps, and a reasonable degree of security against future want."

This, reader, is what a screen star desires? He asks only what many of you already have; yet, how many having this much are, or would be, as woll contented?

We arrived at the printers and Richard took up his duties of editing Movie Weekly with the same good-natured ease that he does everything. We asked him to take off his coat, and he demurred a little.

"You don't imagine, do you," he asked seriously, "that your readers will think I'm the kind of person who eats in his shirt-sleeves?"

"You're not eating now," we told him. "You're editing a magazine."

"But you've got your coat on, he protested, averse, it appeared, to doing anything at all irregular.

"Well," we defended, "our shirt is not as nice as yours."

But this didn't quite seem to satisfy him.

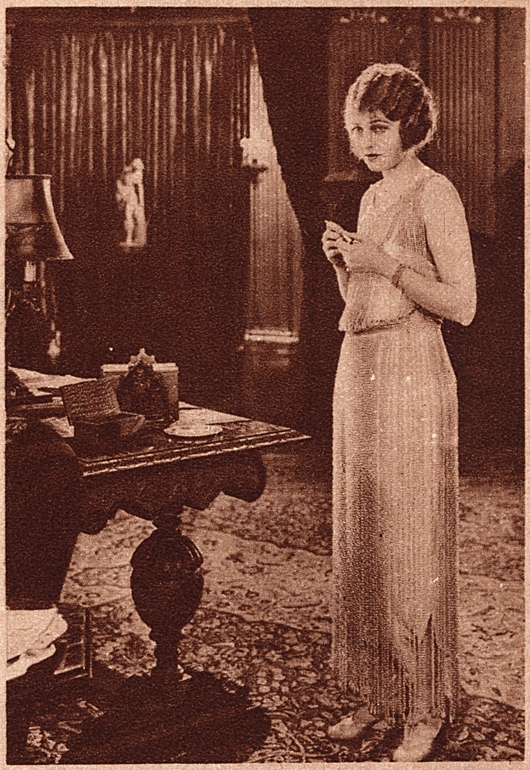
"If I'd known I was going to take my coat off," he said regretfully, "I'd have worn a better shirt."

All of which amused Henry, the linotype operator, and Marty, the make-up man, not a little but they were solidly behind us in the contention that Richard should remove his coat. So, finally, off went the coat and on went the flashlights, while we stood back out of camera range and admired the photography.

When it was all over and Richard had again resumed his coat and had piloted his issue across the (*Continued on page* 30)

Who is the Best Dressed Woman on the Screen?

When a dress on the Busch is worth two on the rack! *Mae* does justice to the wearing of this *batik negligee.*



This charming little white frock is gilding one of the lilies—*Corinne Griffith*—in *"Lilies of the Field."*

Carmel Myers dresses as a *reel* vamp the way *real* vamps never dress. Nothing is more effective than a closely fitted black velvet frock with flowing sleeves. Carmel is soon to appear in *"Ben Hur."*

A *"simple and girlish"* effect—a simple frock on the girlish *Kathleen Key. Kathleen* is now playing in *"Ben Hur."*

It takes someone well-trained in the art of dressing to wear a gown like this of *Bebe's* in *"His Children's Children."*

IS IT HARDER FOR A GIRL TO WIN SCREEN FAME THAN FOR A MAN?

"YES!" says Lila LEE

"I don't know about girls, but I certainly know it was hard enough for ME to win screen fame."
RICHARD DIX

Dainty *screen favorite* tells why it is more difficult for a *girl to succeed* in the movies than it is for a man

By *Regina Cannon*

"It seems as though it's almost impossible," said *Miss Lee*, "for unknown people to win recognition in the films."

FOR a long time—over a year in fact—we've wanted to put Lila Lee's peppy personality on paper, but somehow or other we never just got the chance. We'd go to tea with Lila and eat more chicken colate cake; we'd have lunch with Lila and eat more chicken than any three people could consume, we'd "interview" her to death and then come back to the office to discover that the editor was just about to use a story Miss Somebody Else wrote about Lila.

But whoever said, "Everything comes to him who waits," surely made a wise crack, for we *have* waited and the day *has* come when we can record our impressions of Lila Lee. Now for the low-down on Lila.

She is one of the cleverest girls we've ever met. She has a lovely sense of humor, is quick-witted, with personality to spare. She is as beautiful off the screen as on. Need we say more in that direction? Her face in repose takes on a wistful Madonna-like quality, and when she laughs her eyes twinkle as mischievously as a small boy's. Her natural vivacity surprised us, for the Lila of the films has generally been a very sweet and calm young person.

We believe Miss Lee would, given the proper chance, make an intriguing comedienne. She can see the ridiculous in everything and can laugh at a joke even when it's on herself—something a good many so-called "good-natured" people cannot, somehow, bring themselves to do.

We were talking to Lila about her success on the screen and asked her if the Road to Fame is as hard to travel as the sob-sisters would have us believe. And what Miss Lee said was, "Harder than that."

"You know," she began, "it seems as though it's almost impossible for unknown people to win recognition in the films. And that is especially true for girls. Everything seems to combine against a newcomer's getting a real start. Now if I were a feminine Merton, or possessed the imagination of a press agent, I'd probably say, 'Hard work, young woman, and the constant struggle towards an ideal, ahem, will overcome obstacles.'

"Maybe it would if you don't count a Casting Director's door an obstacle. There seems to be almost no way to get by it—for a girl, I mean. The requirements are so stringent. Beauty may be an asset. It is not a necessity, however, and it is so cheap. Every girl in Hollywood is pretty. It would be almost a treat to see a plain-looking girl. She would at least be noticed.

"Personality is an undeniable attribute. It's a sort of gift of the gods and is born with you—just as is straight or curly hair, or a tilted or Roman nose, and I don't think any course in 'How to Get Personality in Ten Lessons By Mail' is going to get the naturally dull and uninteresting person anywhere."

AS Lila talked we felt convinced that we'd better stick to the typewriter as a career—it's more certain, if less remunerative.

"Suppose a girl has personality and beauty and acting ability and everything that is apparently necessary to make her way on the screen. If she doesn't get an opportunity, of what real commercial value are her assets?

"The principal reason why screen fame is more difficult for a girl to attain than a man, is that there are many more girls with movie aspirations than men. Any girl with no particular training seems to naturally gravitate toward the screen as a means of earning her livelihood. Whereas, a man never thinks of turning to the stage or pictures as a career unless he feels that it is his vocation. That is perhaps, one reason why there are so few male "failures" in the business. A man doesn't go on the stage unless he feels as if he can't be away from it and be happy.

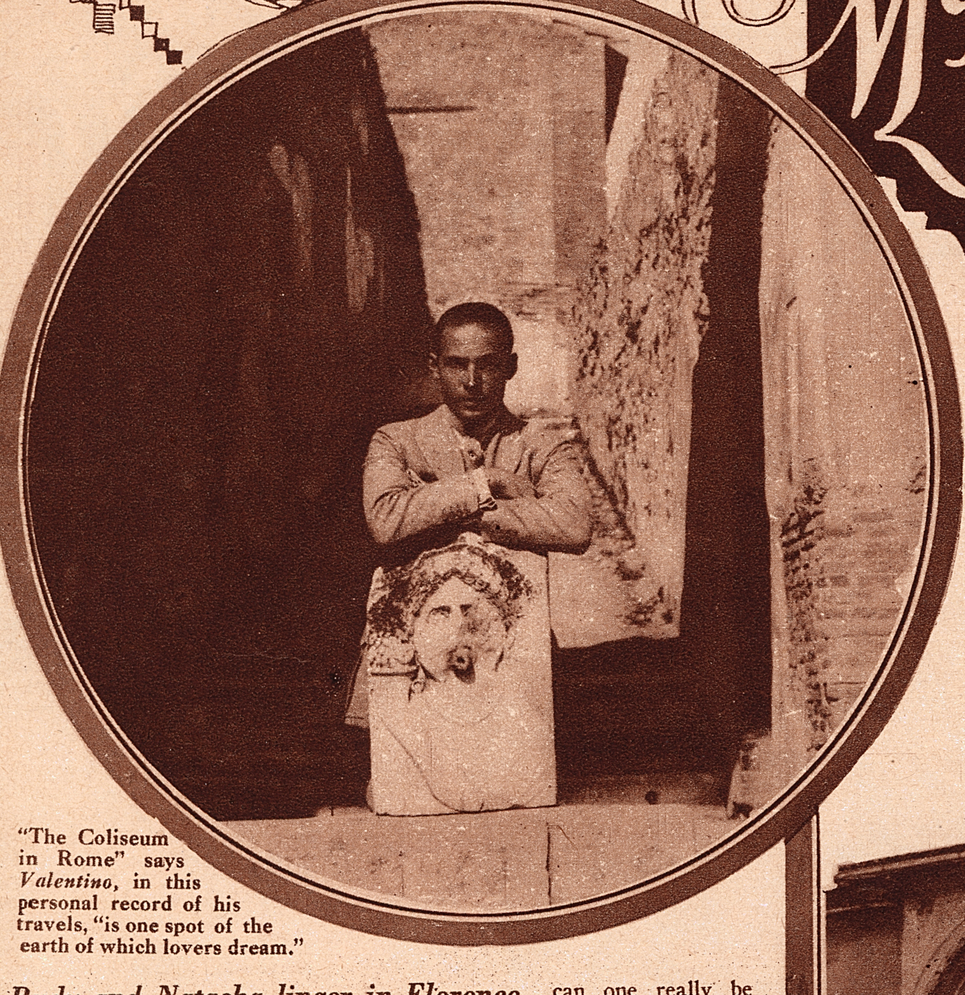
"Then there are so many bitter hardships and heart-breaking disappointments connected with motion picture work. No one who hasn't been in it can ever imagine the difficulties people have to meet and overcome in order to win success. Men are naturally better able to cope with trying situations than girls. They don't, in the first place, always have to dress up-to-the-minute. When a girl goes looking for a part, she has

(*Continued on page* 26)

My own Story

by Rudolph VALENTINO

"After seeing the few scenes of 'Monsieur Beaucaire' that I did the other day in the studio, I can only say, 'Rudy, you're going to come back like a million dollars and knock 'em dead!'" RICHARD DIX



"The Coliseum in Rome" says *Valentino*, in this personal record of his travels, "is one spot of the earth of which lovers dream."

Rudy and Natacha linger in Florence before turning their faces toward Rome—The old Italian cities exercise a weird fascination over the impressionable young screen star—Italy, the land of his birth

Rome, September 8th.

THERE is probably nothing in the world more interesting than talking "shop" with a man who is in the same "shop" with oneself. Women so frequently say, "What do you men talk about when you are together?" I imagine that women would be disappointed if they could hear the "dry as dust" talk that men do engage upon with one another. Women, I think, imagine that we talk about *them*. Well, we do. But only—now and then. If two men meet who are engaged in the same profession, the odds are ten to one that it is their profession they discuss at length. Personal matters are almost entirely left out. Even when a man is facing some particular personal issue in his life, he seldom goes into it with another man. Nothing like the amount of time women consume in discussing their private, even intimate lives.

Thus it was that Emil Jannings and I talked Screen . . . Screen . . . Screen . . .

He had seen "The Four Horsemen," although he has never been in America. As I recall it, I think he said that he saw it in Paris. He was tremendously interested in the making of the film, in the remarkable way in which the film made *me*, and in all the details that led to my obtaining the part, my interpretation of the part once I did obtain it, etc. I told him how I read the book by Ibanez, and then simply lived the character for the weeks preceding the actual filming of the story. We agreed that the finest results are obtained by an actor entering into the very skin of the role he is about to interpret. Thinking, philosophizing, acting just as the character would act were he actually flesh and blood. In such wise, one can almost take on the physical habiliments, the lineaments of the personality. And *only* in such wise can one really be convincing in a part that would otherwise be an extemporaneous bit of acting.

I try, have always tried, NOT to be Rudolph Valentino in the various roles I have played. To do that would be something like playing the same tune over and over on the same instrument. However marvelous the piano, or the violin, however exquisite and consummate the tune played, an audience would soon tire of it. Adaptability . . . versatility . . . pliability . . . sensitivity . . . all of these things are important in the make-up of the artist who must give birth to successive personalities.

It was a delightful luncheon that we had with Jannings and the others.

The restaurant is in the ancient villa and from where we sat we could see the whole panorama of Rome, a most gorgeous sight from that vantage point.

After luncheon, Jannings had to get to work and so he left us to the care of Ambrosio, who took us around to see the interiors.

THEY have ten or twelve studios in Rome, all very small saving the Cinese studio. The others do not amount to anything at all, judged from our American standpoint, or, indeed, any standpoint at all. They have no lighting to speak of. They have no equipment. Their laboratories are very bad indeed, and there is, in fact, none of the modern equipment we have in America at all.

Ambrosio himself said to me that what they lack most of all is not only improved studio conditions, but directors. "If," he said, "we only had the directors you have in America. Our directors are nothing. It hampers us more, really, than anything else in developing such talent as we have."

On the way back to our hotel, we drove a bit through Rome, and learned that in the past thirty years or more, many important changes have been effected, especially from the point of view of health and sanitation.

There are new thoroughfares, wider streets almost everywhere, and there has been quite a general demolition of the old-time slums. This, in conjunction with the general, modernized sanitation, has caused Rome to be one of the most sanitary, one of the healthiest cities in Europe.

I asked about the so-called Roman fevers, of which we hear so much in America. Sometimes it was malaria and sometimes it was typhoid, but it exists now only as a tradition, which will be laid in time along with many other clanking chains of superstition and tradition. As a matter of fact, the annual death-rate of the city has dropped from an average of over 30 per 1,000 to 19.2 per 1,000.

The famed and famous Tiber River, which now flows between magnificent stone embankments, no longer inundates the lower quarters of the city with the one-time periodicity. Occasionally, I understand, there has been a protest from the "aesthetes" that the imprisoning of the river has done away with its artistic value, but apparently

A classic facade in ancient Rome with *Rudy* passing by on the sidewalk with his brother-in-law.

# of my Trip Abroad

there is no question that the artistic loss has been the healthful gain.

Also, Rome has an inexhaustible supply of pure water brought from neighboring districts by aqueducts, which were once regarded as among the wonders of the world.

THE air of Rome is singularly pure, we thought. The city is really isolated in a sparsely inhabited district, and there are none of the smoke-spouting factory chimneys which make so many American cities veritable hotbeds of soot and grime. Nor is there very much consumption of fuel in homes, with the result that the windows in Roman households are left wide open a great part of the time, and the air that comes freely through them is quite without impurities or dirt.

The climate in Rome is genial and pleasant, and hasn't the enervating quality some people think it has. The cold weather lasts only about six weeks, and the only drawback to the climate that is at all serious is the fact that the changes in temperature are apt to be rather sudden. One has to be prepared, but forewarned is forearmed, and for the prudent person there is little bother in that.

We had read somewhere that to get the best idea of Rome and its topographical situation, the thing to do is to take a carriage and drive for some three hours through the principal streets.

Ordinarily, as I have said elsewhere in my diary, I don't believe in organized or systematized sight-seeing. I think it kills the "divine afflatus." I had rather wander about the streets of a city, myself, at random, missing a great deal that tourists "should see," perhaps, but absorbing color and atmosphere in my own way, as best suited to my particular capacities. A chance encounter with a person on one of the side streets, a chance happening upon some odd little shop tucked away in dusty, picturesque obscurity, the sudden vision of a group of buildings seen by oneself, these things make a city more your own, more unforgettable than all the routine sight-seeing in the world. In such a manner one learns a city for onself, not as those who have gone before and those who will come after learn it.

It is like knowing a person. I detest to be told about a person before I meet him, or her. I want to form my own impressions, fresh and first hand. I want to be plastic clay upon which an original impression is made. Or it is like being told about a book, a play, or a part. I dislike having my own chance at first impressions taken from me. It is the taking of the edge from off a gleaming knife.

But I had reasons for wanting to see Rome again in a methodical rather routine way. After all, I am of the Romans, and the atmosphere is already in my blood. In that way, I can learn little more. What I wanted to do in this case was "get" the city from the topographical point of view. I wanted to have a new, revised, up-to-date map of it in my mind.

And so, this afternoon, we took the prescribed carriage and drove . . . and drove . . .

Up and down and about such streets as the Via Babuina, the Via Sistina, the Via Quirinale, stopping there in the Square for the view. The Via Nazionale and up to the left as far as the Via Agostine Depretis and so taking in the Via Garibaldi, the Via Condotti and numerous others, arriving again at the starting point, the Piazza di Spagna, after one of the most interesting drives in the world.

I felt, somehow, strangely familiar with all of these streets and piazzas and views. The people I saw on them, were, after all, mine own people. I had no sense of the returned stranger glancing over once-familiar territory, but felt rather as if I were home again with no absence in between.

Tonight we had dinner with the Baron Fassini and went to the Circa Monza, where the automobile races were. From there we took a drive to the Piazza San Pietro in front of the Vatican. It is a gorgeous sight. You see this tremendous pile, made more tremendous and more impressive by the marbling of the moonlight. On each side is a quadruple arcade, and if you stand, as we did, in one particular spot, you can see, in one glance, all of these colonnades diverging.

And then we saw the Coliseum by moonlight!

I suppose that there is nowhere in the world where there are students and where there are lovers, too, that the thought, the dream of seeing the Coliseum by moonlight has not played its great or little part. It is one of the spots of the earth of which lovers dream the most. It is storied and thick-laid with legend and with colors, and it is *not* disappointing. Nor is it mythical, that it should be seen by moonlight. It should. The Coliseum wears the garment of the moon by divine right, by the right of the ages. And by the right of beauty.

Fassini, who knows Rome like a well-thumbed, beloved book, told us of incidents that had taken place in the different places.

Where the imperial lodge or box used to be, and the two opposite doors, the Porta Viviaria and the Porta Mortuaria, the first where the hapless victims entered alive, and the second where they were borne out—dead.

HE showed us all the different places where the Christians were brought in; where the animals or "bestiariae" were brought in; the gladiators' dressing rooms; the part where the water came from because, for their mimic naval battles, they used to flood the arena with water and the great drain where the water for these battles was drained off.

Of course the Coliseum is in ruins, but by the ageless light of the moon and by the exercise of not very strained imagination, I could imagine it as it had been in those by-gone days of unbelievable cruelties, wanton spilling of red blood, spectacles that, today, would turn the strongest stomach and upset the most sedative nerves.

It led me to wonder about cruelty. What is it, after all? A matter of comparison, like so many other things. Was the crowd that flocked about Nero to see the Christian youths and maidens flung to wild and starving beasts any more cruel at heart than the more refined and less spectacular cruelties of today; cruelties that make young girls work their youths away over whirring machines and dusty garments; cruelties that chain men and women to uncongenial toil year in and year out, until the Hour Glass empties and turns the other way? The one was a (*Continued on page 26*)

Near the Colsieum in Rome, Italy, *Rudy* pauses to have his picture taken.

Street musicians of the sort shown here are a frequent sight on the streets of the Italian cities.

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Marjorie Daw
Photo by
EDWIN BOWER HESSER

WHAT I THINK OF RICHARD DIX

by Lois WILSON

"This is one page in this issue which I have not seen. All I can say is—don't believe it!"
RICHARD DIX

Charming *screen actress* gives her personal impressions of popular *male star* —An unusual sketch by a *fellow player*

"First of all," says *Miss Wilson, speaking of Richard Dix*, "he has a keen sense of humor—that makes you feel he will never grow old."

HELP! Help! Help! Movie Weekly has let me in for something!

When the editor first asked me to write a story about Richard Dix, I smiled complacently and said, "Oh, yes, I'd love to. Yes, I have worked with him quite often and know him well." Just like that! As if all I had to do was to sit down and just write, in order to produce the story:

Well, I sat me down here in my room at the hotel, I won't tell you how many hours ago, with a nice new pencil and reams of paper—and began my story! I mean I tried to. But let me tell you something right now. As an author I'm a good actress. The reams of paper have rapidly diminished, the point of my pencil I've chewed off, and I myself am a wreck.

So this is what I think I had better do. I'll just tell you all about Mr. Dix as I know him, and forget about its being a "story."

One of the first things I noticed about this popular young leading man was his interest in his work and his capacity for work. He is absolutely untiring in his efforts to give his best, so untiring that he inspires the same enthusiasm in those with whom he works.

He is that rare thing—a generous actor. He is perfectly willing to subordinate himself for the good of the scene and is always ready to give the other person a chance. In fact, I remember an occasion when he turned his back in order to allow a minor player to register a piece of business. Unusual? Well, rather!

Just a few days ago I heard a very big director say of Mr. Dix:

"That boy will go far. He is a real artist. A personality like his can often be very dangerous to an actor because he can trade on that alone. But his willingness to work, his desire to play real men rather than just heroes, will keep him at the top of the ladder when many of the others, who are just selling their personalities, have long since been forgotten."

There are many other things I could tell you about Richard Dix the actor, but I know that it is Richard Dix the man in whom you are most interested.

First of all, he has a keen sense of humor. An effervescent sort that makes you feel he will never grow old. One simply can't feel depressed when he's around. He has that delightful gift of being able to laugh and make others laugh with him.

However, don't for a moment think he is a male Pollyanna. Quite the contrary. He has moods, a number of them, and at times appears just a little aloof.

This does not mean that he is in the least up-stage. His popularity at the studio disproves that. Everyone likes him—carpenters, electricians, actors—and he draws no line of distinction between them. To each person with whom he comes in contact, he gives that courteous attention which is so subtly flattering and which naturally endears him to all. It is not an acquired polish, but an innate courtesy that comes from within.

AND he isn't at all self-important. I'll tell you a little story that will illustrate that. Last April, a company of very tired "Lasky-ites" arrived at a certain wild spot in Arizona to film a picture called "To the Last Man." It was very hot; we had come a very long way since alighting from the train—eighty miles, to be exact—only to find that we were not expected until the next day. The camp was in disorder; no tents had been erected, no food was ready; there wasn't even a place to sit down, except on the ground. Mother and I, a bit the worse for wear, were waiting for our bags to be located. Noticing a peculiar expression on her face, I asked her what the trouble was.

"Do my eyes deceive me," she said, "or is that the leading man over there working with the rest of the men?"

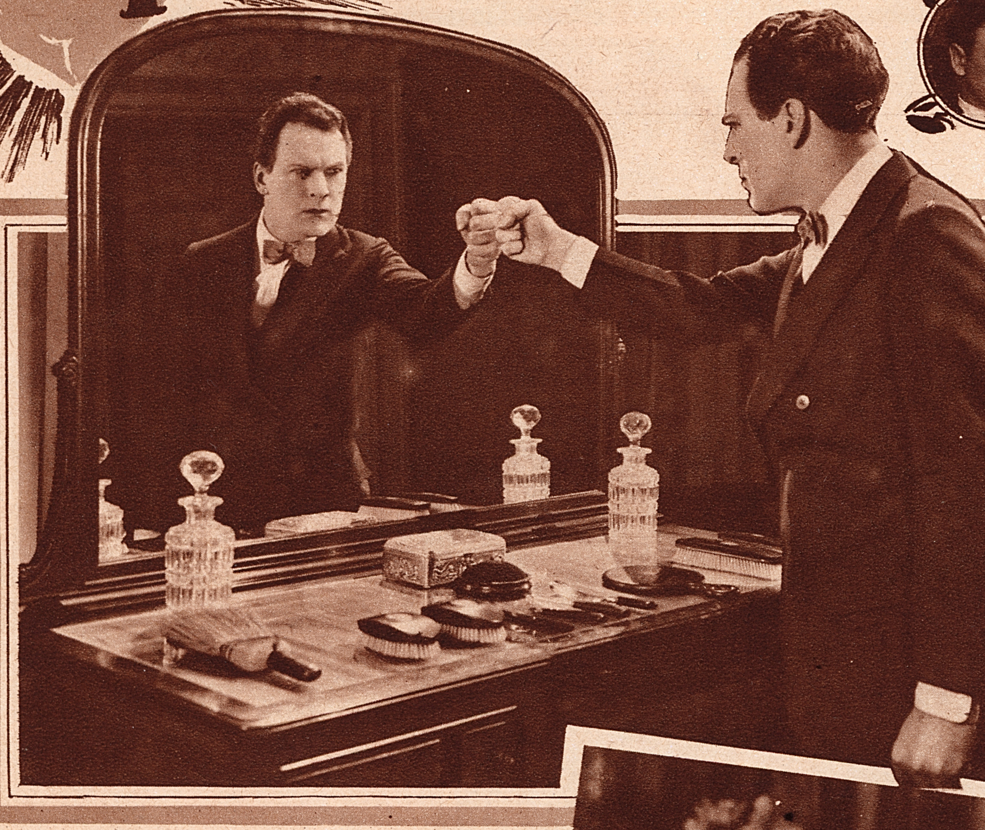
Close inspection proved that it was indeed Mr. Dix, spade in hand, digging away for all he was worth to help put up the tents. Mother smiled. Mother had been on location with me before.

During the eight weeks we worked on this picture, I learned a great many things about (*Continued on page 30*)

Richard Dix and *Lois Wilson* on location with *"To the Last Man."*

Thomas MEIGHAN is GOLD "THE CONFIDENCE

"There is no more enthusiastic a fan than I am." RICHARD DIX



Tommy confiding with *Thomas Meighan* in *"The Confidence Man."*

Jackie Coogan in "A Boy of Flanders," "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" and *"The Galloping Fish,"* are among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Harriette Underhill

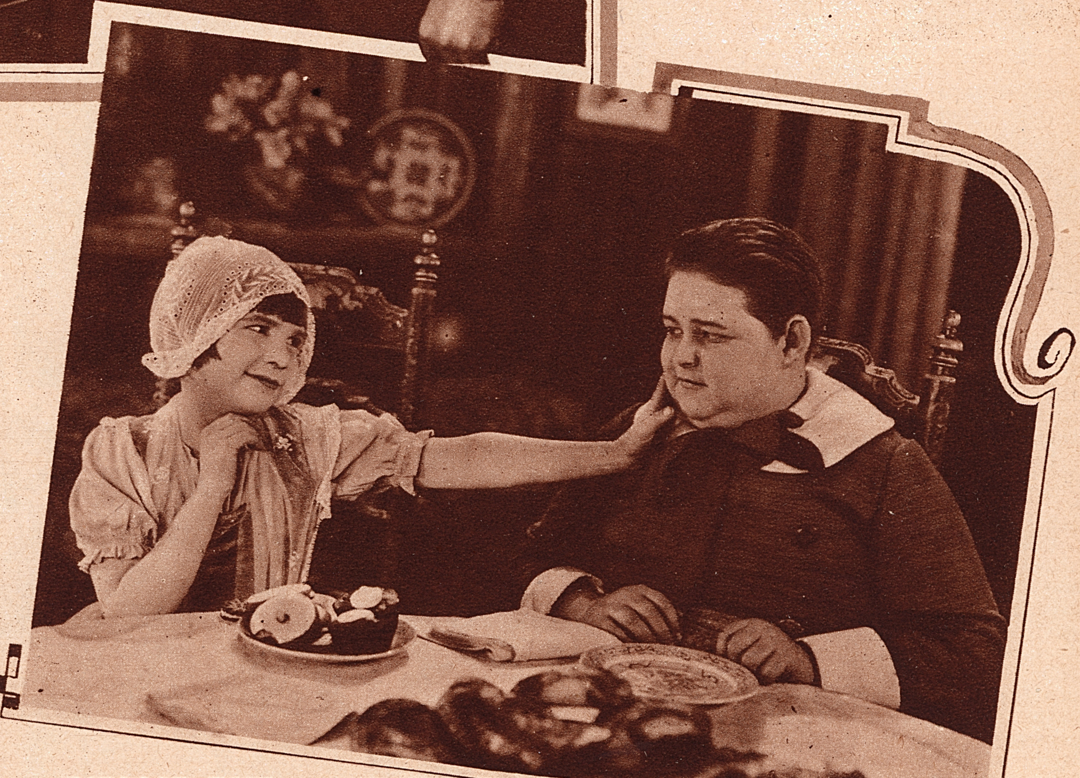
"A BOY OF FLANDERS"
More Laurels for Jackie

Presented at the Rialto, New York, with Jackie Coogan, Josef Swickard, Nigel de Brulier in the cast. Directed by Schertzinger under the personal supervion of J. Coogan, Sr.

If Ouida's story, "A Dog of Flanders," had not been chanked to "A Boy of Flanders" for the screen, Teddy, who assists Jackie Coogan, would have played the title role. Heddy is a marvelous mastiff and he shares the honors with the young star. It may be because of Teddy that we think the present picture the best one Jackie ever made; and it may be because, when Jackie was younger and smaller, his genius was all out of proportion to his size. It was uncanny, and. Jackie at six did not portray a child of six. He portrayed a child of six acting like a boy of 16. Infant prodigies make us nervous.

But "A Boy of Flanders" is a simple, human story beautifully screened and beautifully acted. We flushed with joy every time the poor little Nello and the sweet old Teddy outwitted the rich and fat children and got some sweets. In one scene Jackie impersonates a little Lena Kiesslinger and he does it with so much facile grace and enjoyment that his parents must watch out that he doesn't grow into a female impersonator. The cast is excellent with the work of Nigel de Brulier especially noticeable. Victor Schertzinger directed "A Boy of Flanders."

Little Jackie seems destined to improve with each passing day. He is interesting and entertaining, and has a most expressive face. What happens to prodigies? Will he always act? Will he grow in greatness? It's strange to watch the tiny star and wonder what the future holds for him.



Jackie, as a girl, throwing "k i s s-me" eyes in *"A Boy of Flanders."*

"NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL"

Featured at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Lew Cody, Raymond Griffith, Hobart Bosworth and others.

Beatrice Lillie is the favorite performer in Charlot's Revue and Beatrice Lillie's favorite song is "There's life in the old girl yet." As we sat in the Capitol Theatre watching "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" unfold itself on the screen, we couldn't help thinking of this song. Nellie, you know, was conceived by Owen Davis nearly twenty years ago when A. H. Woods was not the great producer he is now. But though "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" was then known as the "housemaid's delight" and Mr. Woods sent out six companies which grew fat on the road, we believe, that Nellie is now about to enjoy a popularity such as she never knew in her youth. Word comes from "Roxie" that Nellie is standing them up. Because we once almost played Nellie in one of those road companies we are well acquainted with her habits. Six times at night and twice at matinees she used to say, "Friendship to me is a sacred word and I shall never bestow it on such as you," and "No, no, rather than permit you to kiss me, I shall hurl myself from the fifth story window."

The present Nellie doesn't use quite such elegant language but she is surrounded by a much more elaborate plot. There is a father who suspects that Nellie is really the daughter of his twin brother, who also loves Nellie's mamma, and an uncle who steals Nellie to protect her from a father's wrath, and some comedy friends who never appeared in the original lots of plans to burn Nellie up, or crush her under an express train by the villain and for the villain; so that he might inherit the money which should go to Nellie—"for Nellie was a lady."

Emmett Flynn was the man chosen to put the old classic on the screen and the gloriously beautiful Claire Windsor is the one chosen to play Nellie. If you don't get a big thrill out of the scene where Nellie is tied to the elevated tracks with the third rail an

BRICK SALESMAN in MAN"

inch from her little hand; then you have low blood-pressure and should consult a physician. Edmund Lowe plays the oh, so noble lover! Mae Busch and Raymond Griffith are the comedy friends, Lew Cody is the black-hearted villain and Hobart Bosworth is the twin brothers.

There are some remarkably good double exposures besides the double expose when Nellie comes into her own.

For your own sakes, do not miss "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

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"THE CONFIDENCE MAN"

A Floundering Hybrid

A Paramount Picture featuring, Thomas Meighan, Virginia Valli, Lawrence Wheat, et al. Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York.

There is more difference between "The Confidence Man" and "The Miracle Man" than meets the eye!

The former is Tom Meighan's latest picture, the latter was Tom Meighan's greatest picture.

In making "The Confidence Man," Mr. Meighan has tried to give the public which calls for some more good crook drama what it wants. He has also tried to give those lady fans, who clamor to see Tommy a fine upstanding young man, what they want. While they do not object to their hero's bringing home the bacon Saturday nights, they do insist that their hero be able to assure the little girl with the pure eyes that he bought the bacon with money earned by honest labor. "No more crooks!" is their cry and Tommy has tried to keep faith with them. So, in attempting to please everybody in his newest production, he has pleased nobody.

"The Confidence Man" is a hybrid affair which it would be difficult to classify. Concerned in the making are Laurie York Erskine, Robert H. Davis, Paul Sloane, Victor Heerman and George Ade; and if ever too many cooks spoiled the broth, they did this time. We hear from Messrs. Erskine and Davis that they recognize little of their original story in the picture; which is what we suspected. Paul Sloane, who built the story for "Over the Hill" made the scenario for "The Confidence Man" and we sat through six reels of sticky sentimentality feeling sure that the hand that rocked the boat, in that case, ruled the roost in this. Nobody, save the author of the greatest sob drama ever perpetrated, would dare to do it.

The director seemed to have realized that somebody had set out to spoil the picture and he did his bit cheerfully. The people all overacted and they did it at such a snail's pace that you wondered sometimes if you weren't looking at one of those slow motion things. We cannot say that Mr. Meighan gave a good performance. It isn't possible to be a nice, worthy crook with reformation stamped all over you and be convincing at the same time. Laurence Wheat is the only one in the cast who gives a good performance and he was almost good enough to make up for the lot. We can fancy him with his back against the wall shouting defiance to the director.

The worst of it is that "The Confidence Man" has possibilities. The idea sounds great, especially with "The Miracle Man" to look back on. Dan Corvan promises, for a consideration, to help Wade dispose of some worthless oil stock. He goes to a small town, meets the only girl, prays with a pauper widow and forever renounces his evil ways. We think we like the Blackie Daws of the world better than the Dan Corvans.

If you can judge that we didn't care much for "The Confidence Man" you are quite right.

The "star-fish" in *"The Galloping Fish"* seems to be agitating these two.

Claire Windsor and Lew Cody "neck to neck" in "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model."

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"THE GALLOPING FISH"

Friday's Food Partly Digestible

Shown at B. S. Moss's Broadway Theatre, New York, and featuring Louise Fazenda, Sidney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, Lucille Ricksen and others.

"Nothing succeeds like success." This sounds ungrammatical to us and might easily be construed to mean "Nothing like success succeeds." But, anyhow, it used to be in the copybooks at school and whether it is grammatical or otherwise it is quite true. Witness: Tom Ince comes out with an announcement that he will make a picture called "The Galloping Fish" and immediately everybody must have a picture with "galloping" in the title. No studio was complete without one. The name is, to say the least, arresting, and we were eager—if a picture critic can be eager—to find out just what the thing meant. So we went to see the production and now we know the worst. The titular evidence is not misleading for once. Mr. Ince has called his picture "The Galloping Fish," because it is about a fish that gallops. Wonder why other producers never thought of doing something of the sort:—that is, make the title fit the theme. It seems so simple.

Frank Adams wrote this story which Del Andrews has directed for Mr. Ince but whether he called it "The Galloping Fish" or "Undine and Freddie" we are not sure.

The comedy is not one of those filler-ins, but is a real feature picture with a real plot which revolves very rapidly around the fact that the galloping fish and the rich young Wetherill are both named Freddie.

Sidney Chaplin plays Freddie the man and while he is not as funny as brother Charlie, he is funny enough.

(*Continued on page* 26

A Society Girl in the Movies

Reared in luxury, Natalie Vandeveer, heiress to millions, chose to make her own way in pictures—as an extra girl. Read what experiences befell her as plain Miss Judson.

I WILL always remember with a glow of pride my decision to part with the shallow rounds of society life and give up my idle friends. It was this urge to do something creative that led me to apply and be accepted as an extra at a large moving picture studio.

* * * * * * * *

"Stop—that won't do!"

These words, boomed by the lanky director through his megaphone, stilled the inexplicable tumult which had swept over me the moment I took the extra man's arm. Both of us came to a standstill just as we were about to merge our footsteps with those of the other extras, walking up and down the make-believe sidewalk in the flare and glare of yellow light.

"You two people are supposed to be shopping," cried the director, "but you both acted like you were in a trance of some kind! Now get this: 'You,'" looking at me sharply, "have persuaded your husband, against his will, to go along with you on a bargain hunt. He has been fussing and fuming so much that you have left the store in desperation. You are angry with him, and yourself. You want to register this anger both in action and expression. Throw yourself into the bargain-hunting woman's place. Tell him he makes you sick, and that he's spoiled your chances of getting material for just the dress you wanted to make. Understand, now?"

I told him I did. As the words left my lips, he turned to the big man standing with me.

"Get mad with your wife for having pulled you all over creation after a few yards of silk. Come on now, get sore. Put a little ginger into this thing. Tell her it's the last time she'll get you out on a shopping trip—and that you're no delivery wagon. The first time you came out here your mind was a thousand miles away, wasn't it? You were dreaming, eh?"

A momentary hush followed in the wake of the director's speech. And then the man at my side, who had kept such a strict silence ever since we were thrown together, spoke back:

"Perhaps I was dreaming about the baseball game your assistant mentioned to me a few moments ago," said the man, a dry sort of smile working its way around the corners of his lips.

A titter ran through the crowd.

His words had the effect of a shock upon me, but the shock was pleasant, for the man's rejoinder proved that for all of his reserve and coolness he had a sense of humor. I had not believed, until that moment, that he ever even smiled.

We went back behind the scenery. This time when I took his arm and walked out into range of the camera, I threw myself heart and soul into the role the director had assigned to me. I forgot that the man at my side was an utter stranger to me. I forgot we were playing a part; and, he seemed to do the same thing as we argued and gestured our way into the crowd moving along the sidewalk chatting with one another.

When the bell clanged and the lights went down, I waited anxiously to see if there would be any more complaint from the director. But there was no criticism made of our tiny bit of acting, and as they did not take it over again, I felt sure we had pleased him.

It may sound foolish for me to say that this first little step towards my career in pictures thrilled me more than anything else ever had before. You see, it was really the only thing I ever had to do in life to gain the approval of someone, and to realize that after only one trial I had succeeded was very heartening.

"Do you do picture work regularly?" I asked.

SOMEHOW, I found myself drifting away from the scene in the company of my "acting partner," as I termed him to myself. There was nothing more for us to do for some little time to come, and we had been told to sit around and await the next call.

Once through with the business of playing my angry husband, the man's silent ways returned. After the talkative extra who had claimed kinship with the Mexican diplomat, the man was a Sphinx. As we sat there in the vast room of confused noises and scenery, I tried to fathom him.

His eyes were those of the dreamer . . . the poet. And yet, his jaw was clean-cleft and strong like that of a fighting man. His shoulders and his hands, strengthened the impression created by his jaw. And still, about the man there was something that gave one more of a spiritual than a physical impression.

It was the mystery his appearance and his silence cloaked him with that awakened my interest; or possibly it was my curiosity. I could not keep from feeling that he was strangely out of place under a glass roof that sheltered such a motley array of scenes . . . living rooms . . . a hotel lobby . . . alleyways . . . kitchens . . . a grocery store, and heavens knows what else.

"Do you do picture work regularly?" I asked, the urge to know something about him dominating me.

"I have been here three times this week," he answered, his eyes glancing my way. They seemed quite the deepest and darkest eyes I had ever tried to fathom.

"Are you from New York?" I found myself asking him.

"No—yes," he contradicted himself. "That is, I am living in New York at present," was his explanation.

It seemed hopeless to go on asking question after question in order to make him talk, but I was determined to draw him out. Little by little he gave a few stray bits of information, reluctantly, it seemed, but that did not matter to me.

"AND you say you ride all the way up from downtown on the subway to the New York City limits, then walk the mile and a half through Yonkers to the studio?" I questioned.

"Exactly. But my experience is nothing compared to some of the extras who come over from Jersey. I get up at six o'clock when working up here. The Jerseyites have to get up nearer five," he said, pausing, just as I had hopes that he would become conversational.

I looked at the man again and again. Why was he an extra in the movies? This question kept turning itself over and over in my mind. But I did not dare ask him. Of course he might have owned the same ambitions I did regarding the movies as a career. But, somehow, I was of the opinion that his presence in a motion picture studio was not a thing of his own choice.

"It must have been terribly cold walking from the subway this morning," I said, remembering how chilly I had been inside of my heated limousine.

"It was cold," he returned, "but one becomes used to the cold. Walking is my only means of exercise now, and besides——" again he paused.

"Besides what?" I demanded.

"I save the carfare," he answered, looking me straight in the eyes, as if to prove he was not ashamed of such petty economy as saving carfare. I really admired him for what he said, and the way he said it, but I believe he expected me to think less of him for his admission.

At this moment the sallow gentleman of important mien who had struck up a conversation with me on the way to lunch came along. I rebelled inwardly at his appearance, for his arrival had its effect upon the man at my side.

"Well, now that you've had your first experience in the movies, how do you like being an extra?"

he asked, sauntering up to me. Before I could answer, my "partner" got up from his chair and stood with all of the quiet grace and poise of a man who feels at home in a drawing room.

"So far so good," was my laconic reply. I did not want to encourage him to start talking. He was too long-winded.

"If you will excuse me," my "make-believe husband" of a few moments ago was saying.

I looked at him, trying to read his reason for going from the expression of his face. But, as before, the mystery in the man's eyes masked him, leaving me baffled and wondering.

AS he bowed himself out of our presence, another surge of rebellion swept over me—rebellion against the two men whose intrusion had brought my tete-a-tete to an abrupt end.

"Queer bird!" muttered the man who had advertised his relationship to a Mexican diplomat.

"The mystery of the studios," said the other, his glance following the retreating figure of the tall, dark-eyed man.

These remarks drew my interest. Perhaps, after all, they could give me some information concerning him. In that moment I did not attempt to analyze why it was that I should want to get information concerning a stranger who had barely spoken fifty words to me. It was enough that I felt the urge to know more about him.

"What has he done to gain such a reputation?" I asked, turning to the two men.

"It's not what he does so much as what he doesn't do. I don't think he's human enough to do anything. I've seen him here and there at four or five studios. He's always the same. Never mixes. Never says anything. Seems to have his mind in another country, or maybe it's another world. If he was in this business to get some place, you would think he might show a little pep and interest. But you heard Mr. Roberts, the director, waking him up in your scene, well, that's Remington all over——"

"Remington!" I repeated, interrupting. "Is that his name—the mystery man's name?"

"That's it. I was going to say he's always in a trance like that," finished the "atmosphere" extra.

"Perhaps Mr. Remington is in love," I began, but the "atmosphere" actor's companion stopped me by a gesture of his hands.

"Love! That's out of the question. Remington has about as much of an eye for a woman as a husband has love for a mother-in-law. Just to prove it: Only two weeks ago I saw Audette ———, the new French star, give him all the encouragement in the world. She talked to him minutes. Asked him all about himself. And everything she got out of him came about as easy as drawing teeth. He was as conversational as a dumb-bell, and showed no more interest in that gorgeous woman than he would have in a turnip. No! I think Remington's only in this world because he's not dead yet," he declared, shaking his head.

So Mr. Remington was not to be vamped by beautiful French stars!

THIS thought kept flowing back and forth in my mind. Remembering the clean-cut strength of his jaw, I realized that he seemed just the type of man who was strong enough to will himself to do a certain thing and do it at all costs. If refusing to be attracted by alluring women was one of his determinations, I had a good idea that Miss Audette ———'s vamping attempts would always remain ineffective.

"Your name is Miss Natalie Judson, isn't it?" asked the "atmosphere" man.

His question took me back for a fleeting space of time.

"Yes. But may I ask how you discovered that?" I returned.

"I went to the casting office and found the girl who keeps the cards. I described you, and she told me your name," was the easy answer.

"And to what am I indebted for all of this interest, or curiosity, on your part?" I could not help but ask.

"You struck me as being different . . . quite exceptional . . . quite different from any of the extras I ever met. Your difference interested me," he said.

Realizing that I was supposed to be flattered by his unusual interest, I thanked him for the implied compliment, wondering why it always happens that the very men you do not particularly care for always seem bent upon paying you attention, when the right man makes little or no attempt to interest you.

A few moments later we were called back to the set, as they termed the stage scene upon which we had been acting the shopping incident. Mr. Remington was already there when I arrived. But as he was on one side of the set and I was on the other, I saw very little of him, although I caught myself constantly trying for a glimpse of him.

Mr. Roberts, the director, was in deep conversation with Edwardo ———, the handsome male star. Twice I saw the star shrug his shoulders at whatever the director had said. And he made several gestures with his hands as if to indicate someone in the crowd.

At last the director turned to us and held up his hand for silence. He studied the group of extras before saying a word.

"There are two very hazardous scenes in this picture which fall to the lot of Mr. Edwardo ——— to perform. Although he does not balk at going through with them, I do. For fear of some accident which might lay him up for a while, and thus keep us from going on with the production, I do not want him to carry them out. Is there any man in the crowd who would be willing to double for him at the rate of twenty-five dollars per scene?"

No answer was forthcoming from the crowd at once. But I could tell that his words had produced a sort of uneasy stir. Men were looking around, and some were even nudging and speaking to each other in undertones.

"The man to do this bit of doubling must be a big man, fully as tall as the star, if possible," said the director, breaking the silence.

The words had hardly left Mr. Roberts' lips when there was a sudden movement in the group across the set from me. Out of the crowd I saw Mr. Remington towering towards the director.

"WHAT do you want the man who doubles to do?" he asked. His question was not put in a loud voice, but his quiet tones seemed to fill the room.

To me it seemed that every eye in the studio was upon Mr. Remington. Standing there beside the star, the strange man's appeal, his mystery and his fascination increased by the momentary comparison I made of him with Edwardo ———.

Whatever the director's answer was, none of us heard it. After a few words, Mr. Roberts, accompanied by the star, led Mr. Remington away.

The young assistant, who had assigned me to the shopper's part, began making arrangements to take another street scene, and he included me among the extras for this work. (*Continued on page 27*)

It was only by the greatest show of insistence that I kept *Edwardo* from escorting me home.

The White Sin

Startled out of the security she has found with the parents of the man who wronged her, *Hattie Lou* prepares again to face a new life. Fictionized from the *Palmer* photoplay of *Harold Shumate's* story, as released by the *Film Booking Office*

By Charles Warnerby

THE shock of the cablegram, apprising the Van Gore family that Preston and Grace Van Gore still lived, had caused Hattie Lou to collapse in a faint. Her happiness in the Van Gore household had indeed been short-lived. Now, with the man who had wronged her returning to the home of his parents to confront her with the lie she had told—that she was his wife, the future seemed very dark indeed.

"Hattie Lou! Hattie Lou!" were the first words she heard dimly as she felt the shock of cold water lightly sprinkled on her face by Mrs. Van Gore.

"Hattie Lou! opened her eyes and stared at her. The family, consisting of the father and mother of the man she had thought herself married to on that night the Captain performed the ceremony on the ill-fated *Narka*, were both bending anxiously over her, while Grant Van Gore, the invalid brother of the profligate Preston, sat still and tense in his chair, his face wrought with fearful concern over the girl who in recent weeks had been his almost constant companion.

Grant Van Gore was a different personality altogether than Preston, who had made Hattie Lou his innocent victim. Invalided home after the Great War, he had passed his time among books, while his younger and dissolute brother chose the primrose path to dance upon. Hattie Lou had been quick in detecting the difference between the two boys. Instinctively, she had leaned toward Grant, partly because he was an invalid, but more because she sensed in him a superior fineness of character that meant love and protection to anyone in whom his interest might center. And it had seemed to Hattie Lou, in recent days, that the interest Grant Van Gore displayed in her movements was more than a casual one.

Hattie Lou raised herself slowly and apologized for her sudden collapse.

"I am easily overcome by sudden surprises," she explained.

"That's quite all right, dear," Mrs. Van Gore assured her. "I used to faint myself when I was your age. Think nothing of it."

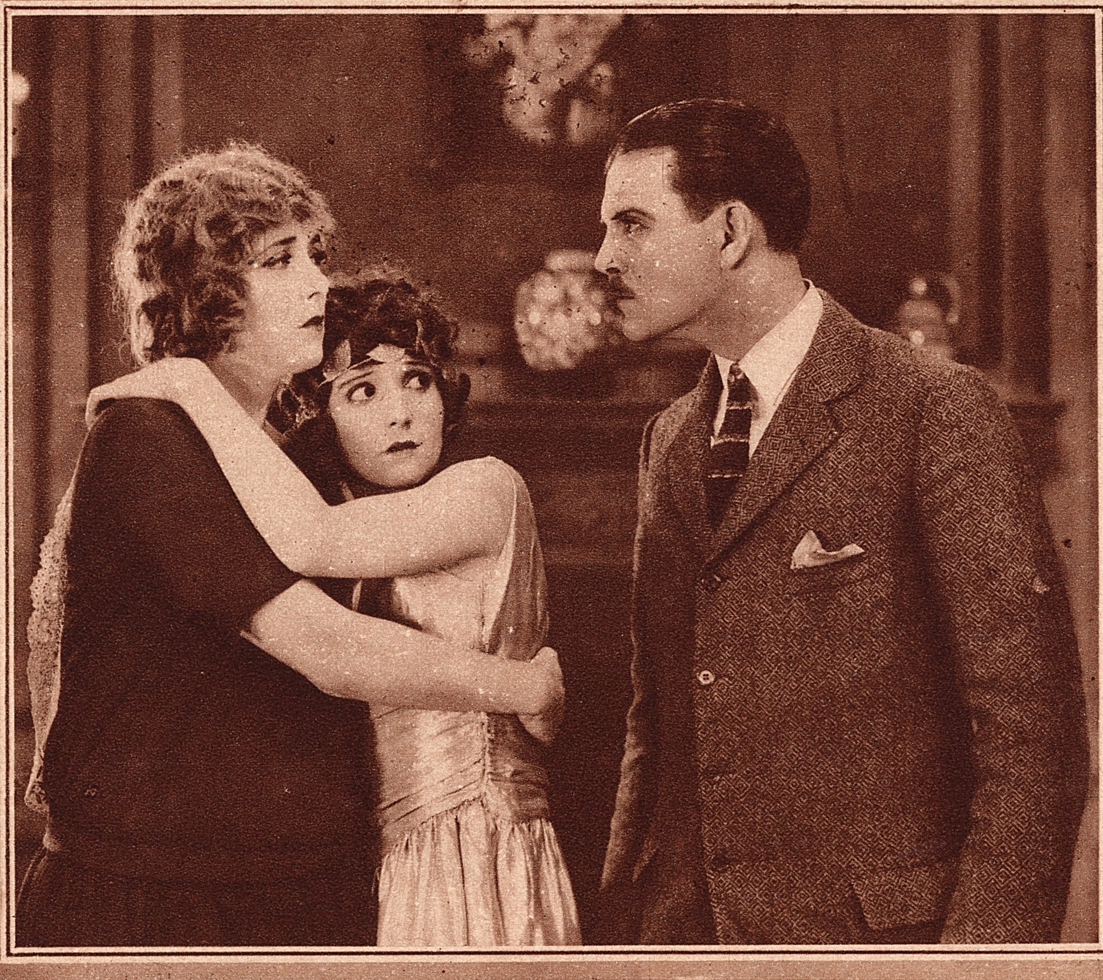
Hattie Lou smiled with gratitude at the kindness of her elderly benefactress. What a pity, she thought miserably, that she was not really her mother-in-law. The reminder of this brought the girl to a realization that something, in view of the expected return of Preston and Grace, would have to be done by her. She could not continue to stay there; she would have to leave; but her heart quailed before the prospect of once again putting her strength against the forces of the world in a single-handed struggle to provide sustenance for herself and child.

Grant Van Gore's eyes had never left Hattie Lou's face during her collapse and partial recovery. He seemed to be searching for something in her features that would tell him whether or not she still cared for the supposed husband who had been found living and who was coming back to her.

HATTIE LOU knew that her manner to those about her must seem far from joyful at the news of Preston's rescue from the wrecked yacht. She hoped that it would pass unnoticed by his elderly parents, and it did, but she knew, equally as well, that the keen eyes of Grant Van Gore were not missing a thing and that he saw, or sensed, the secret shock of disappointment that the news had given her.

"I always enjoy reading fictionized photoplays; they never give the villain an even break."

RICHARD DIX



"I followed you, *Preston*," *Grace* said furiously, "for I suspected what you were going to do!"

Hattie Lou rose unsteadily and excused herself. She tried bravely to make a show of cheerfulness at the prospect of Preston's and Grace's return. Then she went upstairs to her room to think matters over and to decide what she had best do. It would be impossible, she felt certain, for her to remain where she was. With the return of Preston, his first act, she knew, would be to disclaim the marriage she had confessed to the others. And with this done, she saw herself an outcast once more, banished from the Van Gore home.

She took her baby in her arms and hugged it closely. It was all she had, she realized, but it was everything that made life worth living. She would take the baby, she decided, and leave the house that evening. She had a little money that had been given her recently, and with this she would make a fresh start.

THIS finally agreed upon, Hattie Lou felt a little easier. The constraint of her false position, at least was gone with its array of damaging and distressing circumstances. One thing only did she keenly regret, and that was the period it would put to her acquaintance with Grant Van Gore. She had come to like the older and invalid brother of the man who had wronged her more than she thought it was possible for her ever to like any man again, and she would feel keenly, she knew, the end of their acquaintance.

An hour later, Hattie Lou descended the stairs and found Grant Van Gore in the library.

"Care to play a game of chess?" he called, hearing her light footfalls in the hall.

She came in quietly and, with a smiling nod, seated herself opposite him. It grieved her to think that her happy hours passed in this manner were so soon to end. She glanced up once and found him watching her with a little shadow of

(*Continued on page 29*)

Doris May retires from the SCREEN

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

Here's bad news for all the Doris May fans! For Doris, otherwise Mrs. Wallace MacDonald, has decided to retire from the screen. Miss May retired a few months ago to await the coming of the stork, and now she says she enjoys home life so much that she doesn't ever intend to return to pictures.

"My husband is doing exceedingly well in the films, and we both love our home. Marriage and home-making are a career in themselves," said Miss May.

It is expected that the Wallace MacDonald heir will arrive in August.

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Lois Lee Quits Films for Matrimony

Speaking of retiring, Lois Lee has decided to give up the films for matrimony. She was married on April 1st to Jack Kiefer, a young Los Angeles business man, at the little Church of St. Albans in Hollywood.

The romance is of three years' standing, and it was a case of love at first sight on the part of her husband, at any rate. Seeing her first at a party, he exclaimed to a friend: "There's the girl I'm going to marry!"

"Try to get her!" responded the friend. "She is an ambitious young actress, and doesn't wish to wed."

However, young Kiefer was assiduous in his attentions from the moment he got his introduction. Miss Lee was taken ill with spinal trouble, and underwent an operation, from the effects of which she was laid up for several months. Always Jack was faithful in his attentions to her. Casson Ferguson, picture leading man, was also a suitor of Lois's, but Jack won out, and got Miss Lee to promise to be his wife.

Miss Lee recovered her health, and decided finally to give up films for a home.

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More Stars Depart for Europe

Hollywood scenery is all shot to pieces, apparently. At any rate, all the directors are going abroad to make their pictures these days.

Now it is Fred Niblo who is to pick up his megaphone and take it to Europe. His wife and baby daughter will go with him, the former—who is Enid Bennett, you know, in private life—to play the lead in his picture, the latter merely to look the foreign babies over.

Mr. Niblo takes his directorial honors easily, but he is all excited over the fact that he is an author! For he wrote "The Red Lily," the picture which he will make abroad. He expects to make the foreign scenes in Brittany and Paris.

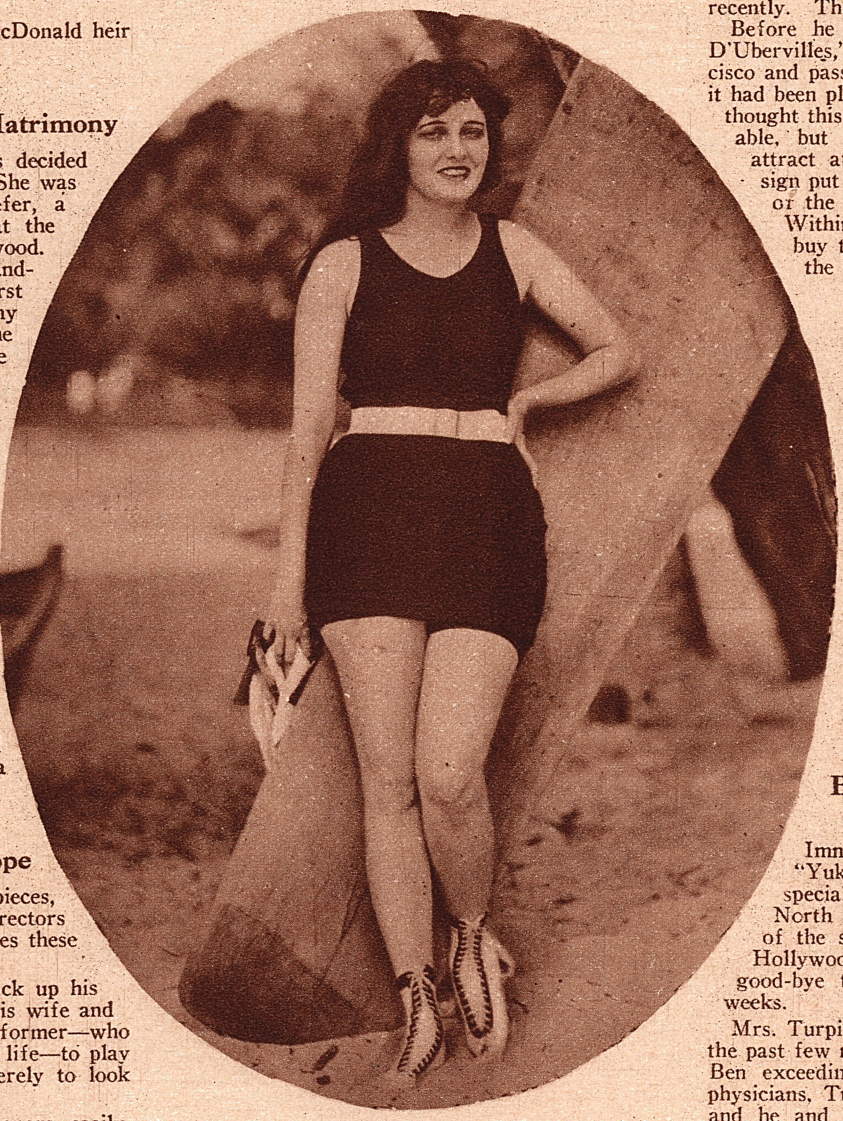
Mrs. Niblo has relatives in England whom she is looking forward eagerly to seeing. She is an Australian, you remember, and some of these relatives lived in Australia when she was a little girl.

Life for Ramon Novarro seems to be just one foreign trip after another. No sooner is he home from playing "The Arab," than he is engaged by Niblo to play the male lead in "The Red Lily."

It must be a bit trying to bounce around in a large ocen-going bus for weeks and never walk on land. Might as well be a sailor!

It's Good-Bye to the Mack Sennett Cat

It is taps for Pepper! Pepper is the Mack Sennett cat comedian, you remember. He has played in pictures all his life, which extended to the green old age of nine years. The cat died of old age at the Sennett Studios, and is mourned by everybody on the lot, as he was very intelligent and affectionate. Pepper leaves a vast number of grand-children, one or two of whom are candidates for screen honors, but Mr. Sennett says that none of these kittens will ever be the actor that Pepper was.



"On the beach at *Waikiki*." *Corinne Griffith* takes her morning dip. KIRK

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The Snow Falls for Chaplin's Benefit

Charlie Chaplin didn't have to go to Alaska after all for snow scenes. It kindly consented to snow up in Truckee, Cal., and so Charlie has gone up there with his company.

Stuart Holmes as a Business Man

Eight years ago Stuart Holmes was persuaded to buy a few acres of ranch land a short distance from San Francisco. He bought the land for a song. And he was in vaudeville at the time and could sing.

He has paid, during the eight years, more taxes on the property than he paid for it originally. And never once has he had an offer to buy it, until recently. Thereby hangs a tale.

Before he commenced work in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles," he took an auto trip to San Francisco and passed his property. In the land next to it had been placed a huge oil storage tank. Holmes thought this would make his acreage highly valuable, but what it needed was something to attract attention to it. He thereupon had a sign put up reading, "Here is the future home of the N. G. Powder Company."

Within two weeks he has had offers to buy the land surrounding that upon which the sign is located.

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Mabel Normand to Stay in New York

Mabel Normand expects to make her next picture in New York. She will not return to Hollywood for some time to come.

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Carmel and Kathleen Key to Go Abroad

Carmel Myers and Kathleen Key are about to start for Europe. They will travel together, with Mrs. Myers, Carmel's mother, chaperoning. Both young actresses have important parts in "Ben Hur," which Goldwyn is making abroad.

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Ben Takes Mrs. Turpin On a Rest Cure

Immediately following the completion of "Yukon Jake," a Mack Sennett comedy special burlesquing a popular drama of the North Woods, Ben Turpin, cross-eyed hero of the screen, set the burglar alarms in his Hollywood home, locked all doors and said good-bye to his studio friends for about six weeks.

Mrs. Turpin has not been in good health during the past few months, and her condition has worried Ben exceedingly. Acting on the advice of his physicians, Turpin turned his caravan northwards, and he and Mrs. Turpin will enjoy a complete climatic change in the Province of Quebec, Can.

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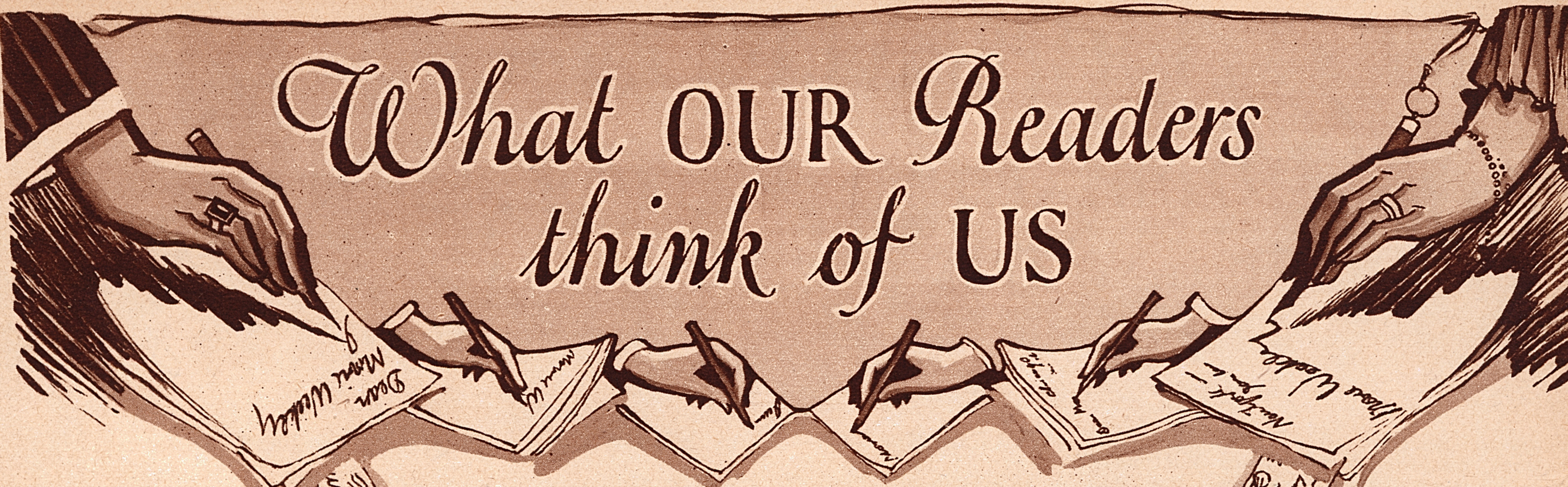
Jetta Goudal To Be Featured

Such a sensational hit did Jetta Goudal, French actress, create in "The Bright Shawl" and "The Green Goddess," that Lasky has signed her on a contract to be co-featured with other stars in various pictures.

She is described as a quiet young person, who leads a retired life, and doesn't care for cafes. She is to come west shortly, and will be co-featured, along with Adolphe Menjou and others, in Paul Bern's first Paramount picture.



What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the reasons for my devotion to Movie Weekly, but will outline briefly some of the principal ones. I believe the public's attitude toward a magazine is like the feeling one has for a friend, we see their shortcomings, but we accept them with their faults for their good qualities; so I trust I will not be overdrawing on the fund of our friendship when I comment on one or two little flaws that are foreign to the rest of your character.

Movie Weekly's covers are fascinating. I always compare the cover of a magazine to an individual's wardrobe. It expresses the personality and reflects the thoughts. The fact that it appears weekly is one of the principal attractions, for the news is always fresh and, unlike periodicals published at more distant intervals, it keeps the interest stimulated.

I am devoted to "Chit Chat" and other notices of the same type. They have the clever knack of letting you in on a big secret in every paragraph. It gives one the same poignant thrill as afternoon tea with a clever woman.

I can't think of anything that possesses the appeal of interviews. They place the star and public together on the same plane . . . and the public realizes that the stars are really HUMAN BEINGS. I wish that David Balch would dip his magic pen in some "new blood" and write 'em up, for he can crowd more life, color and adventure in one interview than anyone I know of. So many interviews are filled with the interviewer's personal sensations that it detracts from the subject.

And now for the eye-sore that looms on the otherwise bright horizon of Movie Weekly—and it is enough to jar the calmest Buddha! I shudder at the very mention of "The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor," "The Confessions of a Wardrobe Mistress" (and all literature of this type). These stories are not characteristic of your magazine. Like all cheap things, they are uninteresting and detract from your paper. I'd like to see the print you waste on them turned into more worth-while stuff.

I'm so glad Rudolph Valentino is home and working again, and I hope they keep him so busy he won't have time to write. I'm thoroughly satiated with his impressions and travels, and trust on the home voyage all the dogs were not afflicted with any ailment as proletariat as Mal-de-Mer!

Keep up the good work, Movie Weekly. You brush many weary minutes from the dragging hours for us.

JOYCE CAMERON.

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This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I think Movie Weekly is the snappiest, most up-to-date little fan magazine on the stands today.

The article in the April 12th issue which interested me most was Louise Morgan's "Study the Stars If You Would Be Loved By Men." While this article without doubt will not appeal to the masculine sex, you can afford to give your feminine readers a treat like this, once in a while. Louise Morgan's articles are always interesting and well written. Give us more of them.

Louise Fazenda is of an athletic bent.
WARNER BROTHERS

You are indeed to be congratulated upon your having secured Rudolph Valentino's own story of his trip abroad.

The interview which pleased me most was "Why I Like American Girls Best," by Ramon Novarro. It is of the snappy kind that is delightful.

The portrait on the cover is excellent. I am pleased to see someone's photo on the cover besides Rudolph's and those of feminine stars.

The remaining interviews are all very interesting. One scarcely ever finds a dull article in Movie Weekly.

For the fiction, I do not care. I buy Movie Weekly for photos and news of the stars and would much rather see this space devoted to large full page pictures. Publish some of Tom Mix, Charles Jones and Charles Hutchinson for a change. I think there are many readers who would welcome large photos of these and other favorites. Also, please give us some of Mae Murray, that most vivacious star, and of the Glorious Gloria.

I think that you have made a big mistake in publishing issues without any large full page photos. You cannot give us too many of them. Personally, they were the chief reason of my buying Movie Weekly.

The various departments, Reviews of Pictures, Chit Chat, The Film Flapper and the Colonel, are all extremely interesting.

Also bravo for the attitude you have taken against the censors. Not much appearance of a free country is left in the U. S. any longer, and it surely is time some magazine takes up the issue.

There is only one kick I wish to register, so here goes. "The Love Letters of a Movie Star" are terrible.

The chief thing wrong with your magazine is that it is not large enough. Let's have a double number every week, at a double price if necessary. It's worth it.

The editor of Movie Weekly is indeed to be complimented.

BILLIE BRICE.

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This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

There are so many nice things about the Movie Weekly, and yet there are a few which I, and, I am sure, several of your readers dislike. Let's get it over with right away. I don't like the fiction—it's mediocre and not up to the standard of the other articles. Now for the good things.

I do love the interviews. They are so realistic and interesting. I think it makes the fans realize that the stars are human and not impossible of acquaintance.

The articles by the stars themselves are always so interesting, too.

The reviews are so well written that I find this department almost my favorite.

My favorite is "On the Set and Off." It is so newsy. I wish it were longer, I think all the fans love to read these little bits about their favorite stars. I'd like to see a real "snapshot" page in the Movie Weekly, just funny ones of the stars off the set. Everyone likes to look at snapshots.

I must say something about the Colonel. He is so clever and yet not silly. I like his department very well.

The Whispers of the Film Flapper are very

(*Continued on page 30*)

CHIT CHAT
About the Stars

Who said realism? In the recent Metro release "Women Who Give," Reginald Barker's newest, Robert W. Frazer, leading man, and the cameraman Percy Hilburn, sailed over 10,000 miles of stormy water looking for storms to photograph. They had quarrels with nasty swordfish and some of the brutes tipped the scales at 600 pounds. This is said to be the first time that a real-honest-to-bob storm was used in a production. They worked off Newfoundland the greater part of the time.

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The handsome matinee dilettante, Conway Tearle, receives no less that 1560 odd fan letters in a single week. Tearle is married enough already to Adele Rowland, musical star, but in spite of that his fair correspondents do their best to mess his home life.

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Don't submit any scenarios to Goldwyn Studios if you are an amateur. They are discouraging this, for they read over 4,000 last year without finding a single manuscript suitable for use.

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Erick Von Stroheim got all the worst and second best of his little verbal court barrage recently in Los Angeles. There was nothing inhuman about his desire to "paste that guy in the snoot" (his wife's lawyer); the trouble lay in that Von Stroheim said it out loud and His Honor "listened-in."

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J. D. Williams, president of Ritz-Carlton pictures, emphatically disclaims any contract with Harold Lloyd and hates the person who started the rumor.

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Will H. Hays pilots the M. P. industry until March, 1928. That was the decision handed down by the Motion Picture Distributors and Producers at their meeting in New York on the last day of last March. The personnel of this organization are the High Moguls and Fatimas of the industry, so that's that.

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Claire Windsor is back from her work abroad on "The Son of the Sahara." Mr. Adolphe Menjou appears in this, also. An original story called "For Sale" has been started by First National. Busy days!

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Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, his wife, have been hoping to go abroad for a long time and at last the opportunity has presented itself. Niblo has written a picture "The Red Lily" all by his ownself and is all puffed up about it. This is the first thing he has ever written for the screen. Mr. Niblo feels that realism is rapidly becoming a necessity in the films and his very small daughter, who goes along on the trip, agrees with him.

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There's a speedboat in "The Ten Commandments" that's a positive dream. It belongs to Cecil De Mille and recently he entered it in a race and drove it through heavy seas and engine trouble to third place. Mr. De Mille would rather do this than eat!

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Lillian Gish, working on a big picture in Italy, is soon to return. She has again denied her rumored engagement to Charles Duell.

The Reel Dope

W. C. Fields, one of the most capable of our pantomimists and now appearing on the musical stage in New York is slated to appear right soon in the movies. The vehicle will be "Janice Meredith," one of Marion Davies' impending offerings.

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Bobbed locks are not the most desirable of coiffures in the M. P. industry at present. Listen to what King Vidor, Goldwyn director says: "Don't bob your hair and expect to be a movie queen." Hold 'em, Yale!

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Alice Lake has been bound in holy wedlock to Robert Williams, actor, and they are now very much in New York.

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Another romance in the film industry has resulted in five children born to the same actress and actor and all at the same time. They were working together on the "Love Master," a First National Picture and their names are Strongheart, wonder dog of the screen, and his bride, Julie.

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Johnny Walker's name seems to get the star in all kinds of hot water. As a rule the trouble arises only from the pre-prohibition flavor of the monicker, but the present instance differs widely from anything so frequent. An evangelist person named John Doe Walker is using the name "Johnny Walker" over the radio and in public speeches and describing a sure cure for dope hounds. Also he includes the story of his own cure and conversion. Poor Johnny Walker, the 1st, is receiving bales of congratulatory epistles.

On foreign shores. *Marjorie Daw* and *Myron Selznick*, producer, landing in *England* where they are now making *"The Passionate Adventurer."*

◈ ◈ ◈

The new Goldwyn production "Cytherea" has been completed and the Hergesheimer story will be ready for distribution, anon. A doll heads the cast and this is the premier of any doll in any capacity in any movies.

A lot of fans must be wondering where and why is Harold Lloyd. After lolling around getting fat for about eight weeks the inimitable one has decided to resume the habit of working. His next laughfest will be "Girl Shy."

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Helen Chadwick will not be in "Monsier Beaucaire" but will head the cast of "Divorce in Name Only" now being made at the Bennett studio in Yonkers. Doris Kenyon will take her place as Lady Mary in the Famous Players picture.

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Tommy Meighan will travel for and wide this summer if present tentative arrangements materialize. He hops from Long Island to the Coast and then to Alaska to do Curwood's "The Alaskan." Giddap Napoleon!

◈ ◈ ◈

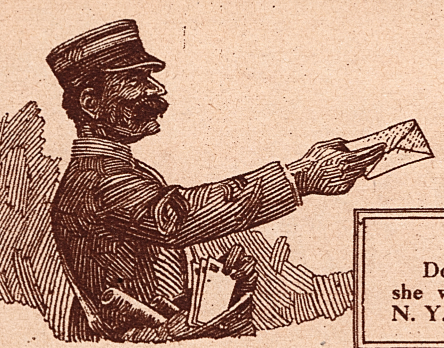
No blink blank movie title will sully the fair name of Chicago, that is, if the censors have anything to say about it. This burg will continue to be as lily white as a bottle of Sheffield, by golly, Richard Gradwell, nothwithstanding. But he can show his "The Bride for a Knight" if he changes the name.

◈ ◈ ◈

Monte Blue is a blue Monte these days, what with a blue eye and all. A puffed orb is a frequent affliction among screenants and when the eye becomes infected and completely closes, said star takes a rest. Sequences of "How to Educate a Wife" are now being shot in which Monte does not appear.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mr. William Fox is still on the West coast and probably will not return to New York for months. Affairs progress more rapidly among his seventeen companies when Fox is on the grounds to glare at them. Nothing further has been done about the proposed new Studio at Westwood, Cal.



Admirer Address Ivor Novello

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed en elope will bring a personal reply.

IVOR NOVELLO'S DEVOTED ADMIRER—So you just adore Ivor? Well, you've lots of competition. He plays mostly in England, but Griffith brought him to this country to appear in "The White Rose." As he has returned home, the only address I can suggest for him is c-o D. W. Griffith, 1476 Broadway, N. Y. He is not married.

LIQUID EYES—You must be a very tearful person. Herbert Rawlinson recently married Loraine Abigail Long. The leads in "The Man Next Door" were played by Alice Calhoun and Jimmie Morrison. The best way for an amateur to submit a photoplay is to submit a synopsis of the story in brief form—five hundred words or less. If a company likes your idea they would probably prefer to work it out for themselves.

MAC—Certainly I'll be so kind as to answer your questions. If answering questions constitutes kindness, I'm as kind as Santa Claus. Lila Lee is Mrs. James Kirkwood and Colleen Moore Mrs. John McCormick. Colleen lives at 1231 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles.

A BUBBLE—Then I suppose you burst out laughing every time you hear a joke. George O'Hara is about twenty-five; write him and Mary Beth Melford both at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. They are both unmarried. Louise Lorraine lives at 1533 Edgemont Ave., Los Angeles.

COLONEL FAN—I assure you I don't want a fan at the moment. What I need is a radiator—spring is late. The reason Lewis Dayton hasn't played in movies more was that he played only on the stage until recently. Yes, he played in "A Wife's Romance." He was born in England, but doesn't say when. He lives at 1550 Curson Ave., Los Angeles.

MORENGO — Why doesn't George O'Hara get married? Perhaps because he never met you! Lenore Ulric was born in New Ulm, Minn. Her career has been confined to the stage, except for "Tiger Rose." David Torrence doesn't give his age. He lives at 618 Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal. Alice Lake is twenty-seven; she recently married Robert Williams and lives at Hillview Apts., Hollywood. Her latest picture is "The Unknown Purple."

MEB—You're the third person on this page who has asked me George O'Hara's age, and the young man is most modest about telling it. Jane and Katherine Lee are about twelve and fourteen by now. Norma Talmadge is twenty-seven and Constance twenty-four.

CALPURNIA — Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco, no telling how many years ago—at least she doesn't tell. Yes, Lois Wilson was once a school teacher before a beauty contest put her in the movies. Charles De Roche was born in France.

J. A. P.—Why do I keep my age a secret? Well, I'm modest about it, like most of the movie stars. They set me such an illustrious example! Ralph Graves' wife died about a year ago. He is six feet one in height. Write him at the gram. She is twenty-eight. Write her, Metro Studio.

JUST NORMA — Yes, I think many people would agree with you that Norma is the most beautiful screen actress. She makes her pictures at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, but her photographs are sent out from the New York office, 1540 Broadway. A quarter isn't necessary.

A FRIEND OF MOVIE WEEKLY — Any friends are al-

Strolling down the Avenue—*Richard Dix* takes a morning walk on Fifth Ave., New York.

Los Angeles Athletic Club. His latest picture is "Yolanda." Write Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I.; Corinne Griffith, United Studios, 5341 Melrose, Los Angeles; and Viola Dana, Metro, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

M. M. N.—Harold Lloyd is married to Mildred Davis and they live at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles. They have no children—yet. Harold is thirty-one.

EVELYN P.—Am I married? Why do you want to know; are you taking leap year seriously? Mae Murray's address is Metro Studio—see J. A. P.

J. K. L.—Are you starting to recite the alphabet in the middle of it? Alice Terry is Mrs. Rex Ingram.

ways welcome. Robert Agnew is twenty-five, is five feet nine inches tall and is unmarried. He lives at 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood.

FRANCES F.—See BUBBLE.

BUBBLES—More bubbles. My page is just bubbling over this week, but I hope that doesn't mean you're all boiling at me. I haven't space here to tell you all I know about Gloria Swanson. She is divorced from Wallace Beery and later, from Herbert Somborn. She has a little girl, Gloria Somborn. Gloria is now working on "Manhandled." Pola Negri is twenty-nine. Her address is Lasky Studio, 150 Vine St., Hollywood; also Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

NANCY C.—Tom Santschi was born in Kokomo, Ind. He lives at 1276 Sweetzer Ave., Los Angeles. As he is not contracted to any special company, I have no studio address for him, and I have no record of anything he is working on now.

BOBBY—What are you trying to do, compile a screen directory, or start an art gallery of your favorites' pictures? Write Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; Dagmar Godowsky, Hotel Ansonia, N. Y.; Constance Talmadge, 1540 Broadway, N. Y.; Valentino, Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I.; Irene Rich, 8082 Selma Ave., L. A.; Ben Alexander, 1770 N. Vine St., Hollywood.

BROWN EYES—Yes, Allan Forrest played Nikky in "Long Live the King." His address is L. A. Athletic Club. Rod La Rocque lives at 1756 Orchid Ave., L. A.; Pat O'Malley, 2042 Beechwood Drive, L. A.; and Ricardo Cortez, Lasky Hollywood Studio.

GLENN HUNTER'S ARDENT ADMIRER—Glenn is twenty-six and unmarried. I can't answer questions, as a rule, about screen stars' religions. Joseph Schildkraut and Carmel Myers are both Jewish. Ramon Novarro is Catholic.

BROWN EYED BETTY—Viola Dana left her "teens" some years ago—six, to be exact. She is the widow of John Collins. Hoot Gibson is thirty-two; he married Helen Johnson a year ago. Pola Negri is divorced from Count Dombski. Antonio Moreno is thirty-six. Gladys Walton has temporarily retired from the screen.

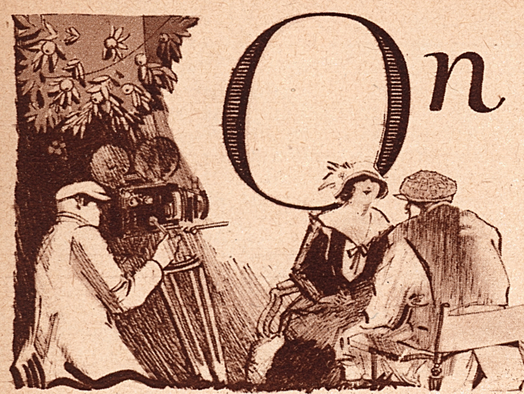
U R YY 4 ME—If I am so wise as all that, maybe I could get a job editing a new encyclopedia. Only one question today about Richard Dix; that's most astonishing! He is thirty and unmarried. Lois Wilson doesn't give her age. I don't think they are engaged.

R. S. ADAMS—I don't believe Preferred Pictures ever bought any titles; they have only made one or two pictures since they offered to buy titles that interested them.

A LUCILLE RICKSON FAN—Lucille Rickson is eighteen and is not married. She lives at Laurel Inn, Hollywood. She was born in Chicago. Her next picture will be "Relativity."

C. B. A.—So you think you're original in liking Richard Dix! You should see how the letters about him pile up. He lives in New York at present, but if you want his picture, address him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. His sister sends out his photos from there

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel



On the SET and Off

Remember Ben Alexander, who almost broke your heart in "Penrod?" He is starting to make "The Goof," with Lloyd Hamilton, for First National. "Cameo," famous screen dog, will also be on hand.

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Cathleen Calhoun, a lady who has done vamp roles, seems to have undergone a change of heart or temperament. For no apparent reason she has switched to comedies.

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Miss Logan seems to have entirely covered the land in the filming of her numerous roles so now she will work on the "Code of the Sea," a photoplay of sea life. We never could tire of seeing the pretty Jacqueline Logan.

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Maurice Tourneur broke a long-standing rule of his the other day, prohibiting music on his sets. The other lots frequently use music to facilitate production, but Mr. Tourneur has frowned upon it. They are making "The White Moth" there at present, and a huge orchestra was playing away to "beat the band."

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Clyde Cook claims to be alone in the possession of a female villain. She is Blanche Payson, weighs 200 pounds or so and towers into the ether six feet three inches. She is the only woman in Cook's comedy, "Under Orders."

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"Bobbie" Perkins, playing in a Fox production called "Crosswires," has plenty of persistency. Clifton said "no" to her when she called for work, until at last he became so disgusted that he wrote her a part. Now she is of quite some importance in this film.

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Recently, in a charitable mood, Conrad Nagel installed a pretzel box in the Goldwyn Studios. This is one of the things he does when not acting. Well, we're glad we don't work down there. We hate the bent things!

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A lot of people will be glad to hear that our old friend Elmo Lincoln is still very much in the swim. Elmo hasn't been much in evidence since he made "Tarzan," quite a while back. His next venture will be in the same field, with Burrough's latest, "Tarzan and the Golden Lion." Those of you who remember how well he did with his last offering have no doubt that the Big Fellow will repeat.

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Stuart Holmes, another long-standing favorite, will be a villain again, this time for Marshall Neilan in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles." He will play alongside Blanche Sweet.

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Another who has been absent from the screen, only to return, is Mrs. Allan Dwan, nee Pauline Bush. Mrs. Dwan is working at Lasky's doing "The Enemy Sex," with Betty Compson.

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Adolphe Menjou, meteor, may be seen next in a farce of Leo Ditrichstein's to be known as "The King." Mr. Menjou's work has always aroused keen interest, as this clever man is known to possess enough good qualities for two stars.

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Don't be mystified when you see the Selco Pictures Corporation. This company has been formed for the purpose of distributing for Selznick.

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We have probably seen the last of Miriam Cooper on the screen. Now that she is Mrs. Raoul Walsh, she is content to subsist on the reflected glory of her spouse. Mr. Walsh just directed "The Thief of Bagdad."

***Iva Anson** wields a wicked knife in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"—but that isn't what all the shooting's for.*

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Bill Hart and Famous Players-Lasky are up in arms. Bill only wants to write, act and direct his own films, and the Laskys can't see it. No work is being done and no one will talk. Little Bill seems to have hit a snag of hard luck, also. First his doggie got runned over by a orterbile, and then the poor kid burned his arm. Brave little devil, though, not a whimper out of him.

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Keep your weather eye peeled for a picture called "How to Educate a Wife." The story is by Elinor Glyn, and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Louise Fazenda are in the cast. There is also a girl named Nellie Bly Baker, who formerly held down the job of secretary for Charlie Chaplin. After doing a small bit in "The Woman of Paris," Miss Baker threw away her typewriter.

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How would you like to mess around with a real, dyed-in-the-wool Cuban tarantula? George Fitzmaurice, directing "Cytherea" for First National, will be glad when he sees the last of them. A circle of kerosene around the venomous insect will keep it in one place as long as the kerosene has an odor. Isn't that a trick?

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Mary Philbin, the charming diminutive, will shortly be viewed in "Mitzi," at present in the making at Universal City. We've had a weakness for Mary ever since "Merry Go Round."

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Ruth Roland heard this one recently in a Los Angeles drug store, and we pass it along to you.

"Yes, lady, you want a narrow man's comb?"

"No," the lady replied, "I want a comb for a fat man with rubber teeth."

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Booth Tarkington has consented to allow Forrest Halsey to change the story of "Monsieur Beaucaire," being made at present by Paramount, sufficiently to allow Bebe Daniels greater scope as the Princess. This is the film that the one and only Valentino hopes will bring him back again into the hearts of his great following.

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Good old reliable Ben Turpin seemed to have dropped out of sight, until just recently we learned that he is making a north backwoods film called "Yukon Jake." Ben plays a copper in this picture, and we bet it's a bundle of giggles from one end to the other.

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The numbingly beautiful Carmel Myers will play the role of Tanis in the filming of Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt." This will be interesting, to put it mildly. Miss Myers is booked for "Ben Hur" abroad, and is only waiting for the right time to depart.

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Eleanor Boardman will next be seen in "Mary the Third," a picture being made by King Vidor and sporting seven leading men. Seven handsome men in one movie at one time would flutter the heart of the most sanguinary bachelor girl.

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The popular Estelle Taylor is being simply swamped with work. She had plans all made to visit her mother out in Meriden, Conn., upon the completion of "A Wise Son," and the producers switched her right on to "The Wild Cat." Kind-a hard on mother.

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Ever hear tell of Mrs. Suyezo Oda, Japan's prettiest film flapper? Her husband, director of the Imperial Cinema Players of Osaka, just arrived with her. Mrs. Oda will travel to San Francisco, and before long, just as soon as she learns the ropes, will help make 'em.

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Subscription Agents' Department
MOVIE WEEKLY
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 13)

devastating cruelty, a sudden, splurging bath of blood and tearing; then the roar of the applause, the plaudits of the crowd, licking the blood-flecked foam from their bitten lips. Now we shut our eyes, put our hands over our ears and refuse to know that cruelties exist. We no longer applaud suffering. We simply ignore it. Well, who shall say which is the greater wrong?

To get back to the Coliseum of bygone splendour, which all the white moonlight cannot divest of the red blood that stained it so gloriously and so ingloriously, the facades are all in marbles, bronzes and gilded bronze. Then on top and all around is a huge tent that Roman sailors used to spread to protect the spectators from the intrusion of the sun. Still you can see the traces of where this tent was hung and still there are the charred spots where the vestals kept the fires burning.

The Coliseum was still occupied by these marbles and bronzes up to the medieval times. Then the popes decided that the Coliseum was a Pagan monument and that it was worthy of the Church to take away all of the bronzes, etcetera. These staues and adorment were, in consequence, removed and made into church bells. Then most of the marble statues were carried away like those around the Castello San Angelo. The bronzes were also melted down and made into cannon balls. Done in the name of Christianity because they were Pagan monuments. (as though they were obscene!)

There is a story told in connection with this vandalism. Rome has been invaded many times, as doubtless everyone knows, by Goths, Visigoths, Huns and so on, and sacked by them. And it is said that this partciular order was given to take all the beautiful marbles from the Coliseum under the Pope who happened to belong to the Barberini family—By a play on words the Italians used to say "What the Barbiere (the barbers) did not do to Rome, the Barberini did."

In the last century, however, as we all know, too, Benedict IV dedicated the Coliseum to the memory of the Early Christians who here suffered martyrdom and as a result further spoliation was prevented, and in 1805 and in 1828 two great buttresses were erected for the support of the building.

Fassini was relating all of these stories, some we had known and forgotten, others we had never known at all, as we stood there, heads bared, bathed in the moonlight, that seemed, somehow to belong only to the Coliseum this night and to have no part with the rest of the world at all.

Fassini also showed us part of the floor that has been built in. It seems that in the fifteenth century two families were fighting. One of these families retired into the Coliseum, fortified it and stayed there during the fight. I forget the name exactly, but I think he said the Orsini family. You can still see were they made an opening for the water. Of course they were routed out and the Government later tried to repair the ravages they had made, in the original way.

Fassini also showed us the passage through which the Emperor was wont to come down from his palace, which was further away on the Palatine Hill, so that no one could get at him and he could enter, in a state of privacy, his imperial box.

Fassini asked one of the guards if we could see the cells of the prisoners.

He said, very definitely, "No."

It seems that up to a hundred years ago the Coliseum was a very dangerous place to come at night. Not only Romance lurked there in the moonlight, but Death. Death, turning the samite moon into a gory shroud for the intrepid adventurers. Brigands used to lurk there, and more recently, escaped convicts, cut throats, assassins, highwaymen and other criminals would hide there and they had murder on top of murder every week.

Watchmen are posted there now, by day and by night, not so much because of the criminals, for they are well aware of the fact that the place is guarded, but because of the would-be suicides, who select the Coliseum as the fitting place to bid a dramatic farewell to a life that has become unendurable. It is comicotragically like the New Yorkers' election of Brooklyn Bridge or the East River as jumping-off places.

The guard told us that only two weeks before our arrival in Rome a German climbed to the top of the Coliseum and just plunged right down to a shattering death. Also, about two days ago, a young Italian, ostensibly merely wandering about, suddenly whipped out a revolver and shot himself. The guard showed us the very spot of this most recent tragedy and the blood was still on the stone, an angry stain there in the white moonlight.

I asked the guard what he thought the fascination of death was, and he said that he didn't know; there was some peculiarity about it.

I don't know either, but somehow it doesn't seem to me to be so very peculiar. If one, in Rome, sought death by one's own hand a kind of instinct would lead one to the Coiseum where so many suffering deaths have taken place. It is the place where blood has been spilled. Perhaps that suffering blood cries out and is assuaged only by the spilling of new blood.

I must close for tonight. Much as I shudder at leaving myself, even on the pages of my diary, alone in the Coliseum all through the night . . . brooding over stains that are new and stains that not even time can ever wash away.

Follow Valentino's adventures through the art centers of Europe in next week's Movie Weekly.

Play Reviews

(Continued from page 17)

Freddie, the seal, is the headliner in a show and he performs in a tank with his mistress, Louise Fazenda. Up to the point where the story opens no one knew that this fish could gallop. However, Freddie proved that he could not only gallop but jump when at one performance he leaped off the stage and into the box occupied by the other Freddie. Complications follow fast after that, including the well-known one where a strange couple, posing as husband and wife to deceive the rich old uncle, are told by the uncle that it is time for them to retire. A flood prevents this, however, though the situation must have made the censors snort like war horses smelling smoke. The flood lets loose some strange creatures and there are three men in a boat, to say nothing of the seal, six monkeys, one lion, one crocodile and one hippo.

Children in the theatre screamed with delight and their chaperones were only a little more restrained.

Besides the two stars, Ford Sterling as the seal's valet and Chester Conklin as Jonah, the taxi driver, deserve honorable mention.

It Is Harder for a Girl to Win Screen Fame

(Continued on page 11

to 'put her best foot forward, as it were, or the director is likely to think, 'She hasn't seen work since goodness knows when, she can't be much good.' On the other hand, if a man is clean-cut and well-groomed, his wardrobe seldom, if ever, keeps him back.

"Then, the hardships of a career don't tell on a man as they do on a girl. If a woman is under a severe strain of any sort for any length of time, she begins to look worn-out and tired. In other words, she loses her looks and ages perceptibly. A man, unless he has seen real suffering, can manage to keep up to the mark in appearance.

"Oh, dear," finished Lila, "it's a hard game—especially for the girls, and my advice to them is to try everything else first, and if you can't be happy at an eight-hour office job, then look for an eighteen-hour movie job. But look before you leap!"

A Society Girl in the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

Almost an hour was consumed putting us through certain little actions before the cameras actually filmed the scene. It was purely what they called a "mob" scene, and I never expected to be able to pick myself out in the crowd when the picture was finally flashed on the screen.

We were told that work was finished for the day after the assistant director made two shots of the same scene. My wrist watch pointed to the hour of five-fifteen. I hurried to get my things and wash the make-up off so that I would not keep Frank waiting too long. It was while removing my make-up that I learned the extras had to appear at the cashier's office with their yellow tickets to collect the day's pay.

I rushed to the pay line as soon as possible and in a few moments was putting away a crisp new ten dollar bill—the first ten dollars I ever earned in my life! It was a new sensation in every way, and I was thrilled to death.

Mr. Remington was going out of the studio door just as I reached it. I am not certain as to whether or not he saw me, but I do know that he gave no sign of having done so.

The night air was cold and sharp as I walked down the steps to the street, and I wished for the warmth and heaviness of my mink coat. But I reminded myself that I had to put up with a little inconvenience and discomfort if I intended to keep faith with myself in my movie attempts. So I walked on into the night, determined to make the best of things. Before me, moving in the shadowy spaces, was the figure of Mr. Remington. His pace was swift, and for all of the intention I had of doing so, I could not catch up with him.

The temptation to call him kept returning to my lips. Once his name was just about to sunder them. The idea of his being out in the cold, raw night, while I would soon be in the luxury and warmth of a big car, aroused me to a point where I wanted to invite him to ride down to the subway station with me. But I was afraid it would be fatal to my plans if I did.

"I must not weaken my very first day. To let him realize who I am would only be to invite the chance of my real identity being discovered at the studio," I told myself, steeling my heart against its wishes.

When I reached the machine, Frank helped me inside, and I sank back against the cushions, admitting a kind of fatigue that I had never experienced before.

The ride home through the streets, jammed with the traffic of home-going New York, was uneventful save for the thoughts that my first day's elbow-rubbing with the movie world had brought about.

"I will have so many things to tell Marie," I thought, "and won't she scold and scold to learn how much I have enjoyed this first real day in my life . . . the first day that I have ever been treated as if I were just an every-day human being, with my own way to make in life."

"AH! Is Mam'selle a movie star already?" These were the words with which Marie greeted me as I entered my room and swiftly closed the door behind me.

I could not help but laugh a trifle at her question. If she had only seen me playing the part of a wife on a Saturday afternoon shopping tour!

"A star?" I repeated. "No, not yet, Marie. I'm still an 'extra' girl. But it was so much fun, and I'm going to like it immensely."

"What did Mam'selle do today?" she insisted.

"I met a man," I answered, my mind on what I considered the most important experience of the day at the motion picture studio. Then, realizing how foolish this answer must sound to my maid, I was just about to explain my statement when she commenced talking:

"Yes? A man! One of those famous men is already picking you out of the crowd. Maybe I know his name from the movie magazines. May I ask his name, Mam'selle?"

"You are wrong, Marie. He is not a famous movie man. You would not know his name," I parried.

"What is he then?" she asked, knitting her pretty brows.

"Just an 'extra,' like myself," I told her.

"Mon Dieu! It is like I was telling you last night. You go to the movie studio. You do not tell them your right name. You meet—ugh—

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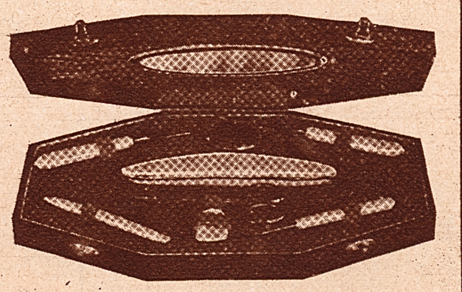

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maybe he is . . . I do not know what . . . a peddler. Mam'selle, it is not right!" she cried.

"I am sure this man is not a peddler," I said, smiling inwardly at her concern over my meeting strange people in life.

"What is he then?" Marie demanded. "What does he do?"

"Well, for one thing, he gets up at six in the morning and rides to the end of New York on the subway. Then he walks one mile and a half to save five cents carfare——"

"Mam'selle!" implored Marie, raising her hands as if supplicating me not to go on with something that she could not make herself believe to be true. "It is impossible!"

"I am telling you his own exact words," I declared.

"But you are not telling me about the movie work. So far you tell me nothing but about a man . . . a man who walks miles to save five cents," she said, helping me off with my dress.

"Give me a chance, Marie. I did very little work. They only used me in two scenes. However, one of these scenes was better than any of the extra girls got, I think. I played the part of a married woman out bargain hunting on a Saturday afternoon with her husband."

"Who—what was your husband, Mam'selle?"

"Why, of course, the man I have been telling you about——"

"Sh-h-h—that is what I was afraid. You go to a movie place, and in one day you meet a man, you be his husband—non, non, I mean his wife. You come home here, you talk about the man—the man. I nevair hear you talk like this before. I suppose this man fellow tells you a lot of nice things. But why do you listen? Many men tell Mam'selle nice, beautiful things——"

"You are wrong again, Marie. He would hardly speak to me. I had to ask him questions to make him talk. Mr. Remington is called the 'man of mystery' in the studios," I told her.

"He is a mystery? Why?"

"Because no one knows much about him. And because there is mystery in his deep, dark eyes . . . in the way he looks at you . . . and the way he seems to be dreaming . . ."

"Poof! There is nevair mystery in a man's eyes. It is only in a woman's eyes," she cut in.

"His case is the exception that proves the rule. At any rate, Audette ————, who comes from your beloved Paris, tried to lure him, according to what I heard in the studio today, and he paid no attention to her whatsoever. So you know he must be attractive. And, oh! I nearly forgot to tell you. He is going to double for the star in some scenes the star is being kept out of, for fear he may be hurt. It worries me to think of this," I said, growing apprehensive at the thought of Mr. Remington taking chances that were dangerous.

"Mon Dieu! Mam'selle Natalie, you talk like a woman already in love!" cried my maid.

HER words gave me a little start. They made me realize that I had been talking and thinking of the strange, mysterious Mr. Remington almost constantly since my return home. But in spite of this I had to smile at her implication.

"Nonsense, Marie!" I said. "I talk of him because he is a character in life. The first one I have ever met and found interesting. But it is interest produced by his strangeness, his mystery. Nothing more. And besides, Marie, what do you know about love to make a statement like that?" I asked, looking up at her, as she brushed my hair back.

Our glances met, and I saw the sudden tears brimming her eyes. I saw the sudden look of pain draw the piquancy of her face into sharp lines. I felt a lump in my throat as her slender young breast heaved with agitation. I reached out to take her hands just as her lips trembled into speech:

"Love . . . Mam'selle? Oh, Mon Dieu! I know . . .," she stopped, unable to go on as the sobs choked her words down into her throat. I rose up from my chair and put my arms around her, whispering that I was sorry, and tried to keep her from talking further. But the girl bit her lips and went on:

"Pierre was his name . . . Pierre," she called it again. "No one in all of France loved more than we did. I shall never forget, Mam'selle, the sound of his voice . . . the spell of his kiss . . . his arms. These are the things that nevair go away."

"And there are only memories left, Marie? Why?" I asked softly, as I held her trembling form in my arms.

"Pierre . . . he marched away to Flanders. Pierre," this time there was a thrilling ring of pride in her tones, "he was a soldier. Ah! How young and fine he was to fall in the poppy fields among the first. My Pierre!" she cried, all of the yearning of her heart and soul in that cry.

For moments a silence, broken only by her sobs, filled the room. It was Marie who spoke first again, and when she did she seemed calmer and more sure of herself.

"The war came so like lightning. We had no time to marry. There were but a few hours for us. A few hours in which we claimed all of each others' souls . . . and then, a last, last kiss.

"I never saw him again, not after the hour he marched for the train. But, Mam'selle, I saw his image in our baby . . . his boy."

"Your baby! Oh, Marie, my darling!" I cried, a great bolt of pain and anguish shooting through my heart as I strained her to me.

"Yes. It is for all of this that I think I know something of love—of falling in love," she said, her eyes filled with a faraway look that was poignantly wistful.

"But, Marie, your little boy. Where is he?"

"Little Pierre died after three years. The flu took him away from me," she said, dry-eyed now in her memories.

Again came a silence.

Marie went on brushing my hair. All the while in my mind there was the vision of Marie waving "good-bye" to a young soldier marching away from Life to Death . . . of Marie seeing his image in a baby face . . . and losing that image . . .

"There was a telephone message today from a Miss Sharon," she said, after a while, in a voice that no longer hinted of the emotions which had so recently broken it into sobs.

"Eloise Sharon!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, she is in New York from Chicago for one night, and you must call her before dinner, she said."

Eloise and I had been room-mates at boarding school. We were still the warmest of friends. It was good to know that I was soon to hear her voice.

When I called her, she insisted that I join a party which was going to the Club Trocadero after the theatre. I tried to excuse myself, but my desire to see Eloise, and her pleading, finally won me over and I promised, mentally resolving, however, to leave early, as I did not want to be tired for my next day at the studio.

"NELLO, Natalie!"

Hearing Jimmy Manson's voice, I looked over the shoulder of my dancing partner to locate him. When I found him at a table near the dance floor, my heart seemed to stop beating for a few seconds. There, sitting at his side and talking in the most friendly sort of way, was Edwardo ————, the star of the picture in which I was working!

I smiled to Jimmy, conscious of the fact that the screen actor's eyes had turned upon me and were searching my face with a show of interest. Suppose he should ask Jimmy to introduce him to me?

Evidently Edwardo did just such a thing, for we had been seated at our table a bare few mo-

ments when Jimmy came over, accompanied by the star. As the music began again, I found myself being led to the floor by the actor. It was against all of my judgment to encourage his attentions, because I feared, of course, that he would recognize me at the studio, and in such a case my schemes and plans would all go up in smoke. But his insistency was not to be denied. He simply would not take "no" for an answer.

Although I left early, and did my best to keep from being drawn into any more dances with him, Edwardo ——— succeeded in claiming most of the time I spent at the club, and it was only by the greatest show of insistence that I kept him from escorting me home.

Before sleep came, a premonition told me that the morrow would be filled with the danger of discovery. And if discovery came, I asked myself a thousand times if Remington would be any more interested in me.

I HAD just left the dressing-room, after putting on my make-up according to the instructions of the woman, and was on my way to the set, when I came face to face with Edwardo ———. As fate would have it, I was just passing under a bright light in the corridor as we came abreast of each other. I looked away from him, hurriedly, but, even as I turned my head to one side, I saw a look of surprised recognition sweep over his face.

Then I was aware that he had stopped, and was staring after me. The sound of a step behind me drove home the knowledge that my moment of discovery was at hand.

"Miss Vanderveer," he called. In a second he was at my side. I had to stop when he took my arm.

"Don't you remember me? We met last night at the Club Trocadero," he said.

Follow the fascination of movie acting and thrill with Miss Judson in her many coming adventures. Next week in Movie Weekly.

The White Sin

(*Continued from page 20*)

anxiety wrinkling his brow. . Immediately however, he smiled and she was relieved to feel that he was not going to question her.

They played for a while, chatting idly of this and that, but try as she might, Hattie Lou could not banish the gloom from her manner. At last, brushing aside the chessmen, Grant Van Gore fixed his gaze on Hattie Lou and broke the silence..

"Hattie Lou! What's the matter?"

She bowed her head, trying to smile, but the smile would not come. All she could do was nod, for a lump had come suddenly into her throat. She braced herself, however, and then, as suddenly as she had decided to tell Grace Van Gore on the yacht that she had been married the night before to her brother Preston, she decided now to tell Grant Van Gore that she was going away. She did so and he heard her calmly.

"I knew something was wrong," he said quietly. "What is it?"

But Hattie Lou only shook her head. She could not tell Grant the truth, that her marriage had been a mock affair, performed by the Captain of the *Narka*, who had no power to perform marriage ceremonies. Hattie Lou, poor child, did not know that her marriage was as legal and as binding as any marriage under Heaven. But Preston and Grace Van Gore, the returning castaways, knew it.

"I can't tell you, Grant," Hattie Lou said finally. "Please don't ask me."

His face clouded slightly in a troubled frown, but he forebore from questioning her further. They continued to play for a while and then suddenly Grant raised his eyes to her again.

"Please don't go," he said. "Whatever your trouble may be, it won't be helped any by your leaving here. I ask you to stay—if only for my sake. *Please!*"

It was a struggle for Hattie Lou. But at last a faint spark of rebellion against Preston Van Gore glimmered in her breast in her resentment at the predicament his cruelty had placed her in. She leaned across and placed her hand in Grant's.

"I'll do it," she said softly.

HATTIE LOU had braced herself for the arrival of Preston and Grace Van Gore. Her meeting with her quasi-husband was bound to be a painful experience for her, particularly when he declared, as she expected he would, that she was his wife.

The homecoming of the two castaways occurred about a week later. They were all on the veranda to receive them, and Preston and Grace were in turn each clasped in the arms of their mother and father. They saw Hattie Lou almost simultaneously and Grace Van Gore flew to her arms. Preston's greeting was more reserved, but it contained no hint of the denial that Hattie Lou expected would be forthcoming.

Instead, Preston greeted her cordially with a surprised though halfway affectionate interest. For a time at least, she felt relieved, but she feared a disclosure might come later. They eventually went above to their rooms, where Hattie Lou followed Grace and heard her great revelation.

"Do you know, Hattie Lou," she asked earnestly, "that your marriage to Preston was legally binding?"

Hattie Lou felt staggered from the shock of surprise.

"Grace!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes," Grace continued, "the poor old *Narka* was on the high seas when you were married by the captain, and this, according to law, made it quite legal."

Hattie Lou could have broken down and cried at the news. She held herself in check, however, and kissed Grace tenderly.

"I'm glad," was all she said.

That afternoon, when Grace was alone in her room, Preston came quietly in upon her.

"Hattie Lou," he said softly, trying to take her in his arms.

But Hattie Lou, frightened and disgusted, backed quickly away from him.

He sought to follow her, but at that instant the door opened and Grace Van Gore appeared, her eyes blazing with anger.

"I followed you, Preston," she said furiously, "for I suspected what you were going to do. I want you to leave Hattie Lou alone in the future. If you don't, I'll tell father!"

Preston, without another word, but with a glance of hate at Grace, his sister, left the room. Hattie Lou, weakly surrendering to her feminine impulse to cry, leaned her head on Grace's shoulder and sobbed quietly.

"Never mind, dear," Grace said soothingly, "I'll see that he doesn't bother you again."

"But—but he's my husband," Hattie Lou sobbed bitterly.

The older girl listened, biting her lips. The situation was indeed difficult.

How did Hattie Lou, the lawful wife of Preston Van Gore, rid herself of his odious attentions in order to be free to care for the man she now knew she loved? The solution of this unhappy girl's problem is contained in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

Studio News Notes

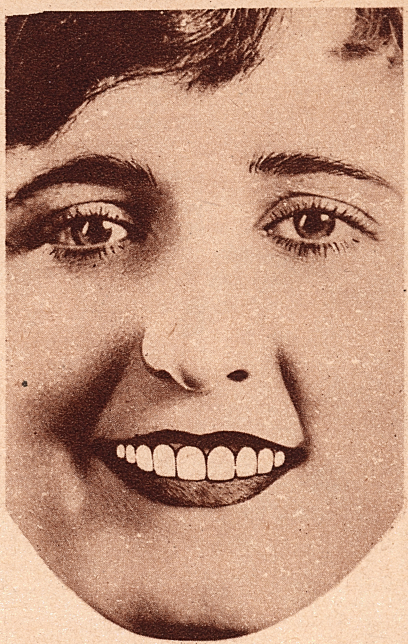
Lincoln Stedman is singing praises to Allah that his foot has at least healed. For eight weeks poor Stedman has hobbled around with one defunct dog and claims that's one too little for a lad of his net.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Want the latest chatter on Marion Davies? She is working night and day on "Janice Meredith," being made at the Cosmopolitan Studios. Two additions were recently made to the cast, in addition to W. C. Fields, successful musical comedy star. They are George Nash and Douglas Stevenson. The New York Federation of Women's Clubs have chosen Miss Davies as the Queen of Beauty for their bazaar, to be held at the Hotel Astor in New York. She will wear a specially made crown of diamonds and gems. We may soon see the sister of Marion in the films. She is Mrs. Rose Davies Van Cleve and appeared recently in "The Great White Way." Mrs. Van Cleve is considering several big offers that have been made to her.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Frank Tuttle has left Film Guild and his position is taken up by Townsend Martin, of "Youthful Cheaters" fame. Maude Adams is on her way over from England and will assist the direction of "Kim" and a colored film called "Aladdin." Lest you forget, they are now known as the Guild Made Pictures.



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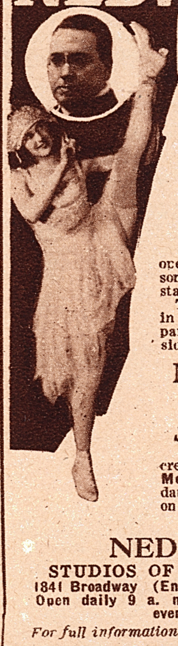

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What Our Readers Think of Us

(*Continued from page 22*)

enticing. She whispers such chummy, gossipy things.

I always read the Studio News Notes. They're very useful.

One of the prize letter writers of last week mentioned that a fashion and beauty department would add to the interest of Movie Weekly. I want to second this opinion. I am sure it would be a big attraction to the fan.

And now I wish to say hurrah for the Movie Weekly and the very best of luck.

B. A.

What I Think of Richard Dix

(*Continued from page 15*)

this rising young star. I learned that besides being a clever young actor he is in every way a man. Away from all the comforts of home, shorn of the shackles of civilization—it is then that all the little superficialities and insincerities of one's character are brought to light. It is not everyone who can stand the test. Did Mr. Dix? The answer is yes—yes, indeed!

I wish his fans might have seen him amid all the glory of that Arizona wilderness. In his buckskin suit and fur cap, he seemed somehow to fit in perfectly with the surroundings. There was something about him that made one feel protected. You knew instinctively that whatever the emergency, he would do the right thing at the right moment. As several emergencies occurred, I can in all truth say that he did!

He puzzled me. I could not believe that this man, in whom the elemental was so strong that he could suddenly become an integral part of that untamed country—I could not believe that he was the same man I had seen, poised and immaculate in his evening clothes, dancing at the Ambassador, the perfect dinner partner. But he was!

It has been nearly a year now since I first worked with him. I have found him to be not one person, but a hundred persons, quite different from the boyish, fun-loving individual I had read about in the magazines. He is all that, but—so much more.

He has a very bright mind, which he does not allow to get rusty. He loves books—good ones—which he discusses with an intelligence and enthusiasm that are a pleasure to anyone who enjoys them also.

One of his best qualities, one of the very nicest things about him, is his ability to be a friend. A real one. Instinctively one trusts him; and he has an understanding rarely found in one so young. He is one of those people whom you could tell almost anything and know that he would understand.

On reading this over, I find that I really haven't done justice to my subject. I don't think I have described Mr. Dix at all. I have suddenly realized that, though I know him well, he isn't an easy person to describe. Why? Because, you see—he is, well—he is just different!

But I have tried to make you see Mr. Dix as I see him, and if my efforts in this direction seem a little feeble, just remember, please, that my business is acting—not writing!

How Gloria Became A Salesgirl For A Day

(*Continued from page 5*)

asked the floorwalker to transfer her to some other department. The floorwalker decided that this would be a good idea, if any business were to be done in that part of the store. It had the opposite effect on the customers and other employees, though.

The fact that a new girl could be transferred the first day strengthened the story that she was Gloria Swanson. Crowds assembled at her new counter in the basement, so she decided to resign.

From here on let Gloria Swanson tell the story in her own words. "I put on my old coat with a moth-eaten fur collar and walked home. By this time I was in a state of nervous excitement. When I got out of the elevator at my apartment house, the operator stood in the corridor with his hands on his hips glowering at me, and waited to see what apartment I entered. My maid didn't know me at first.

"The biggest shock of all came, however, when little Gloria, my daughter, walked shyly across the room and stood gazing at me. In a falsetto voice I asked her to kiss me and she refused. Then I removed the glasses. Still she didn't recognize me.

"I pushed the wig back a little and the expression of her face began to change slowly. By that time I was hysterical and, grabbing her, I ran around the room crying. Then Gloria thought it was funny and wanted me to do it over again.

"Being a salesgirl for a day has its thrills, I want to tell you, but that girl I worked with was a wonderful pal. She was so sympathetic! I would like to know her better.

"Allan Dwan suggested the stunt, so that I would better understand the role I am playing in my new Paramount picture, 'Manhandled.' I'm glad he did, because I met a number of interesting people. Some of them made me feel as though they would be real friends.

"It was an awful shock, though, to have my daughter treat me as a stranger after several hundred casual observers had pierced my disguise."

The Most Popular Man in the Movies

(*Continued from page 9*)

presses, we left the confines of Morris & Walsh where Movie Weekly springs full-panoplied, like Venus from the waves, each week, and rolled back uptown in a taxicab. At the corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, he alighted, and we said good-bye.

"Good luck, old boy!" were his parting words, and the next instant he was shouldering his way among the crowds toward the hotel where he now lives.

We looked after him and nodded thoughtfully. We could understand his popularity, we believed. He was so simple—so human.

And he will go far.

We are sure of that.

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The Home Life of Conrad Nagel

(*Continued from page 7*)

in the morning and work in the garden.

But a man just naturally must have some house faults, and Conrad is no exception. His wife says that he isn't at all an easy man to provide food for! There are certain things that he just won't and can't eat. Included are onions and most vegetables, and as for garlic, it is clear out of his life. He likes string-beans and peas, and nothing else in the vegetable line. But—prepare for a shock!—Conrad loves limburger cheese! He eats rather sparingly of meat, but is rather fond of sweets.

Mrs. Nagel can cook, and does do some of the family catering, but as a usual thing she lets the competent maid-of-all work do this. When she gets into her new house, it is likely that she will engage more servants, for she is a most thoughtful housewife.

Conrad loves children, but woe to the youngster who harms his roses! Nevertheless, even to such he is merciful. Not long ago, a couple of willful youngsters broke into his garden and stripped roses from the bushes, crushing the tiny flower plots. Conrad happened to come home at the moment. He caught the boys red-handed, and in a voice that terrified them, commanded them to halt. Then he gave them a good lecture. The boys became really repentant, and one explained he wanted the roses for his mother—"who hadn't any roses at home." Whereupon Conrad looked at him sharply, decided that he spoke the truth, and finished by picking a big bouquet for the child's mother, and offering him some slips from his own roses. The boy eagerly accepted, and Conrad has since taught him how to set the flowers out. Now they are good friends.

Nagel says that his wife's perspicacity on business matters is amazing. He wouldn't think of investing any money without her advice. Two pieces of land were in question not long ago. Mrs. Nagel's advice was asked by her husband. He took her advice, though he had previously leaned toward the other piece of property. The one she chose soared the next week in price.

"My wife seems to have a sixth sense about these things," said Conrad.

Hollywood Is a Spotless Town!

(*Continued from page 6*)

At this point the girl who fought her way to tardom from a humble clerkship in a German ore, proved that she has the true genius and gift the born publicity agent. She invented a catch rase for Hollywood, which, if it becomes genally used, will soon squelch the attacks of mudngers and dirt heavers. Pola said that Hollyod should be called "The Spotless Town."

t is interesting to note how sincere is the star's nterest in a place which she recognizes to be the new cradle of our greatest medium for dramatic expression. Miss Negri states that gradually she has reached a degree of spontaneous combustion on the subject of Hollywood's morality, or alleged immorality, because she loves the town and hates to see its good name besmirched.

"I just had to speak my mind!" she cried. "The only wickedness which takes place in Hollywood, as far as I can see, is that enacted in make-believe, as I explained, before ze camera for filming stories."

In her latest screen production, Pola flashes us some intimate glimpses of what she really thinks is wickedness. In "Shadows of Paris" she plays the role of "The Blackbird," a cunning Apache who is a gang leader in Parisian underworld dens of the Montmartre. Knowing something about Parisian wickedness, she ought to know what she is talking about when absolving Hollywood.

If Pola Negri is as successful in her press-agenting of Hollywood as she has been in her screen work, we can hope for a changed attitude toward the city of celluloid at a very early date. She has set an example that ought to be followed by more of the town's famous inhabitants. Home-folks have got to defend and boost their city before the world is going to believe the best about it!

Look at New York!

DHASSI—Author, lecturer and student of Astrology is only 29 years old. His life has been so crammed with adventure and travel that he has material for many books without stirring out of his studio again. As a Lieutenant in the army for the cause of the Allies he was wounded twice. Since his return from abroad he is devoting all his time in this country to the study of Astrology. He brings a message of good cheer to his many friends far and near.

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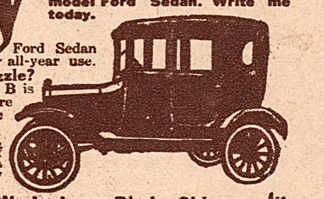

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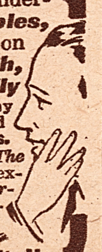

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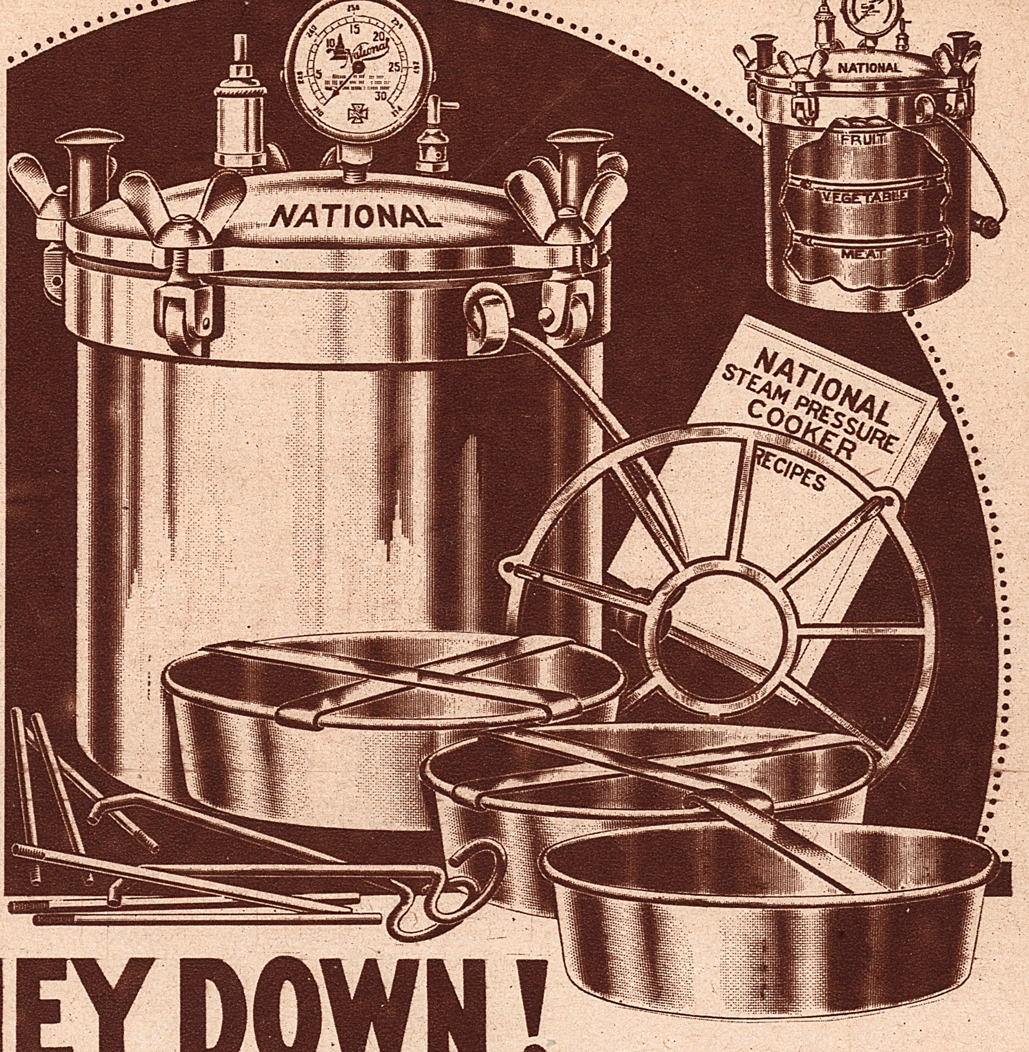

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